



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

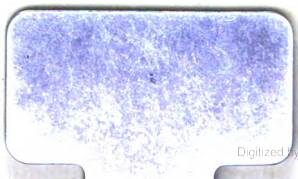
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Per. 1419 e. 2934







**THE**  
**CATHOLIC KEEPSAKE,**  
**FOR THE**  
**YEAR 1843.**



**LONDON:**  
**PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE ASYLUM OF THE GOOD**  
**SHEPHERD, HAMMERSMITH,**  
**BY J. H. KEATS, 142, SLOANE STREET;**  
**C. DOLMAN; T. JONES; J. BROWN (LATE KEATING AND BROWN);**  
**AND P. AND M. ANDREWS.**



## NOTICE.

---

The idea of publishing this little work was only entertained for the first time last October, and the greater number of the articles have been prepared since that period. This will account for its appearing in so limited a form, having neither the variety in matter nor the embellishments usual in such works. Should, however, this first attempt to establish a Catholic Annual meet with encouragement, it is proposed to increase the next number considerably in size, and to render it in every respect an attractive and acceptable "New Year's Gift."

The present number necessarily contains rather minute details concerning the charitable institution for the benefit of which THE CATHOLIC KEEPSAKE is published. This was thought advisable, in order that persons at a distance, probably hitherto unacquainted even with its existence, might be led to take an interest in its advancement, and be induced to contribute towards its support, thereby increasing its power of doing good, and extending the sphere of its usefulness.

Literary contributions for the next volume are requested to be sent to the Editor of THE CATHOLIC KEEPSAKE, care of the Rev. J. ROBSON, Cadogan-terrace, Chelsea.





# CONTENTS.

---

	Page.
PREFACE . . . . .	i
THE OUTCAST . . . . .	1
LINES SUGGESTED BY THE "ECCE HOMO" OF CORREGGIO, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY . . . . .	25
THE MARKET CROSS AND THE HOLY WELL . . . . .	29
THE PASSING BELL . . . . .	41
WESTMINSTER ABBEY . . . . .	51
CATHOLICISM—ITS SOCIAL EFFECTS . . . . .	65
SKETCH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AT ANGERS FOR THE RECEPTION OF PENITENT FEMALES . . . . .	99
COMMEMORATION OF THE SAINTS . . . . .	113
THE PRIE-DIEU . . . . .	119
THE ROSE TREE . . . . .	153
SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS IN CONNEMARA . . . . .	157
RESIGNATION . . . . .	197
NORAH NA KISTLA . . . . .	201
CHRISTMAS EVE AND MIDNIGHT MASS IN THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, AT HAMMERSMITH . . . . .	227



## P R E F A C E.

---

THE Asylum for Penitent Females, established last year at Hammersmith (for the benefit of which this little work is published), has already created a deep interest in the public mind; amongst Catholics, at least, this is decidedly the case, and even by a large number of Protestants it is approved of and appreciated, many of them having contributed largely to its support.

This Asylum is under the care of the Sisters of Charity of the Order of the Good Shepherd. The Order was established at Caen, in Normandy, in the year 1651. With other religious institutions, it suffered from the French Revolution,—the Sisters and the Penitents were alike dispersed, and the refuges it had erected were destroyed.

In the year 1829, this Society was restored

and recommenced its sacred task of seeking (as its name of the Good Shepherd imports) the lost, the abandoned, but penitent female. Since that period, ten houses have been established in France, of which the principal one is at Angers, and others have been formed in Bavaria, in Belgium, and in Piedmont. The establishment at Angers maintains upwards of three hundred female penitents. During the summer of 1841, some of the religious ladies of the Order came from thence, to labour in their work of heroic charity in this country. A house at Hammersmith was fitted up for the reception of penitents, and the Sisters commenced their good work, under the sanction and paternal protection of the Venerable Vicar Apostolic of the London District, who appointed the Rev. Joseph Robson, of St. Mary's Chapel, Chelsea, the director of the establishment. Since that time penitents have been received on the recommendation of clergymen both in London and the country; indeed, so numerous have been the applications, that the

good Sisters have been, in many cases, obliged, most reluctantly, to refuse admission, from want of room to accommodate them. It is the first time that an institution, the necessity of which is severely felt, has been attempted in this country by the Catholics. The treatment of the penitents is adapted to effect the correction and improvement of their minds. In order to cultivate habits of industry, and contribute towards the support of the Asylum, stated times are allotted to work. But the amendment and conversion of the penitents are the first objects of the Order; therefore, the practices and exercises of religion form a part of each day's occupation. In those cases where the penitents are not Catholics, these religious exercises are confined to attending public prayers and exhortations, and to the general observance of the regulations of the house; but compliance with the peculiar obligations of the Catholic religion is not demanded—none are retained against their will; each of the penitents is permitted to leave when compliance with the rules of the

establishment ceases to be voluntary; for the objects of the Order of the Good Shepherd are not those of punishment, but of conversion and repentance—not seclusion of life, but amendment of heart and restoration to society. As soon, therefore, as a penitent is judged sufficiently established in virtuous principles, she is restored to her friends, or, if destitute of these, is provided for in a suitable manner.

In all the occupations of the day they are accompanied by the Sisters. In the hours of recreation and of meals, in the times for prayer and instruction, in the work room, or at the sick bed, a Sister of Charity ever attends the penitents as their friend, instructress, or their nurse. These religious ladies never lose sight of those, to whose service they have dedicated their fortunes and their lives, for the love of God, and are ever at hand to counsel and admonish, to console and encourage.

Of the necessity of such an institution there can be no doubt. The experience of more than a

year has been sufficient to prove the value and efficiency of this Asylum, in reviving in the breast of the penitent the love of truth and virtue ; many have found in it a refuge from the world, and an opportunity of effecting their conversion to God ; several have been given back to their friends purified in heart and principle, and several are now earning their bread in the humble station of life to which they belong.

Of the necessity of the institution, as well as of its efficacy, we are enabled to speak with some confidence. It is, no doubt, remembered by many that a most heart-rending case of depravity appeared in the police reports of last January—a case which, on the testimony of the benevolent and praiseworthy magistrate himself, Mr. Hardwicke, of Marlborough-street Police-office, exceeded in baseness any which had been brought before him. Coming before the public as we do, avowedly for the purpose of soliciting assistance for enabling the disciples of the Good Shepherd to maintain and extend an institution



in which all classes must be interested, we offer no apology for presenting to our readers a repetition of these particulars, repulsive in detail certainly, but calculated, in a high degree, to awaken their sympathy, and excite their indignation, by showing the existence of a system deliberately pursued, and carried out for the purpose of undermining the innocence of youth, and making still further inroads into the already corrupted heart; and, because we feel that, as long as we do not avail ourselves of every possible means of making its exposure more general, with the view of lessening, at least, if not removing, the evil, we must in some degree share in the responsibility of its continuance. We withhold, for obvious reasons, the names of the two poor girls, the intended victims of the base and selfish speculation, but who have been ever since, and still remain, inmates of the Asylum, showing, by their docility and good conduct, that they only required a helping hand to direct them into the right path, and giving pro-

mise of becoming useful and respectable members of society.

The following is the substance of the police reports referred to :—

A very decent, well spoken woman, applied for the assistance of Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, to reclaim her daughter, a remarkably fine girl, only fourteen years of age, from the immoral life she had been leading the last fortnight.

The poor woman, who wept bitterly as she related the circumstance of her child's disgrace, said she had been unable to discover the place of her daughter's abode until last evening, when, by the assistance of a policeman, she found her in the streets. On questioning the girl as to her motive for running away from home, she said she had formed an acquaintance, about three months ago, with a girl about sixteen years of age, who had already commenced an infamous life—that this girl had taken her to a place kept by a man and his wife, and that she had lodged there about

a week, until she was again decoyed away by another person.

Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, sent a police constable for the man in whose house she had lodged, who, on returning with him, brought also the other young girl, aged sixteen, alluded to, whom he had found harboured there. The man admitted that she, with another young girl, had lodged in his house, but he denied that either his wife or himself had encouraged her to a course of wickedness.

The younger girl, on the contrary, said that the man and his wife knew very well the way of life she led, and that they had been principally supported by the money obtained by herself and the other girl.

Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, asked her what had induced her to leave her home. The girl answered, that she considered her parents kept her too strict.

The mother said no child could have a better home, considering the humble circumstances of

her family, than she had. No child could behave better, or be more industrious, earning sometimes one pound a-week at the trade of boot-closing; but within the last two months she had displayed a restless disposition, refusing to do any work, wishing for fine clothes, and hankering after the theatres. As the child had grown wonderfully for her years, and was of a very attractive appearance, this change in her conduct naturally caused alarm, but she was treated with no harshness, and had no angry words to complain of. Having now recovered her child, her care was how to dispose of her so as to prevent her returning to her former course of life.

Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, said he was willing to render all the assistance in his power; but he feared, from numerous examples that had come beneath his notice, that the repentance of those who had strayed from the path of virtue was seldom sincere and lasting.

The girl, with penitential tears, declared her disgust at the course of life she had been leading;

she earnestly desired to enter some asylum for a twelvemonth, as by that time her error would, perhaps, be forgiven and forgotten.

Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, said he had some influence at the Magdalen, but he did not know how the regulations of that charity stood with respect to Catholics.

The mother said her child had been bred up in the Catholic religion, her parents being Irish, and she had always attended chapel regularly.

Mr. Hardwicke asked whether there was any Catholic institution which received girls in order to effect their reformation. The mother said she believed there was one at Hammersmith, but she had no interest to procure an admission. Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, then wrote to Dr. Griffiths, the Catholic Bishop of the district, stating the particulars of the case, in the hope he might be able to suggest some plan for the future destination of the unfortunate girl.

The other girl, when questioned, said she too was averse to following her shameful course of

life, but that she had no prospect if she abandoned it but starvation. The magistrate ordered her to be taken home to her mother, and that the defendant should give up the clothes of both the girls ; but there having been no evidence to prove that he had been the means of inducing the girl to leave her home, he should, therefore, discharge him.

Two days afterwards both the mothers attended before the worthy magistrate, as did also the wife of the defendant, who produced the articles of wearing apparel which had been detained from the girls.

The mother of the youngest girl stated that she had delivered the magistrate's letter to Dr. Griffiths, and that he had promised, on Tuesday next, to get her into the Asylum at Hammer-smith.

The mother of the other girl, however, told a very different tale. The poor woman, in a voice almost choked by her sobs, stated that she had, on her daughter's being brought back by the

policeman, received her with joy. She had, however, again absconded, and taken with her a sister, a fine girl, thirteen years of age. "Oh!" said the poor woman, clasping her hands, "if your worship can only interfere to get my youngest child back, I must abandon the other to her fate, hard as it is to a mother's feelings, as she seems to be heart bad."

Mr. Hardwicke observed, that he had scarcely conceived, until he heard the details which had been related to him, that such depravity could exist in London. The worthy magistrate then ordered a policeman to endeavour to trace the two girls, the youngest of whom, if found, was to be taken to her parents, and the other lodged in the station-house, to answer for decoying her sister from home. The worthy magistrate then ordered the wife of the defendant to give up all the property she possessed belonging to the unfortunate girls, and stated further, that he should himself write to the secretary of a society which existed for the suppression of vice, in order that

both her house and another in Exeter-street, where the same children had been lodged, might be indicted. On hearing this she hastily gave up the clothes, and made the best of her way out of court.

On the policeman's return he communicated to the magistrate that he had used every endeavour to find the child, but that he had been refused admittance into the house in Exeter-street; he had, however, every reason to believe that she was secreted there.

Mr. Hardwicke regretted that the house in Exeter-street was out of his district; he would, however, use his influence for the exposure of the houses for the reception of children for infamous purposes.

The Rev. Messrs. Robson and Lee, who were present, observed, that they were most anxious to assist the worthy magistrate in his endeavours for the suppression of juvenile profligacy. The Rev. Mr. Robson, the Director of the Institution at Hammersmith, then described the manner in



which they were acting there, and at the other Catholic asylums, and narrated a number of instances in which young females had been reclaimed, and had since become creditable members of society, who would otherwise have been utterly lost.

Mr. Hardwicke expressed his gratification on hearing such recitals, and hoped that, whether the institutions were Protestant or Catholic, they would be encouraged.

A letter from the Rev. Mr. Robson, addressed to the editor of the "Times," appeared a few days afterwards, stating that not only the girl of fourteen, but the younger one, aged thirteen, who had been decoyed away by her sister (but who had been found the day before), had both been placed in the Asylum of the Good Shepherd.

On the foregoing affecting narrative we may remark, that in regard to the apprehension expressed by Mr. Hardwicke, the magistrate, that the repentance of those who had strayed from the

path of virtue was seldom sincere and lasting, the number of instances narrated by the Rev. Mr. Robson, in which young females had been reclaimed, serve to show that there is a class to whom this remark is not applicable. Indeed, the worthy magistrate himself was convinced of this on hearing these recitals, and expressed an earnest wish that all such institutions should be encouraged.

That of those who have for long pursued a hardened course of vice, whose wish to amend arose only from some temporary impulse, many have relapsed, there can be no doubt; but there is a much larger class who have been led away by bad advice and bad example, who would gladly return to their friends and to the world, to pursue a path of virtue, were they not deterred from fear and shame, and too often because every door is closed upon them but that of infamy.

Without depreciating in any way similar institutions in this country, we may remark, there is one circumstance in which the Asylum of the Good

Shepherd stands alone, and is distinguished from all others. Other asyla for the outcast are, indeed, supported by the charitable contributions of those whose hearts can sympathize in the sufferings of their fellow-creatures ; but in this the labour, the work itself, the care and attention to the penitents, are the purest and brightest characteristics of the charity. All this is amply provided in the generous self-devotion of the Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd, without the necessity of having recourse to the services of the hired agent or uninterested stranger. Others give a portion of their worldly substance to promote the good work. May God regard and reward the deed of charity ! These Sisters dedicate their lives to become the associates of those whom the world has betrayed, disclaimed, and rejected. It is theirs to greet with love and consolation the returning wanderer, who has encountered only the stranger's gaze from the moment she left her parent's home ; it is theirs to supply the place of parents and of friends to the forsaken, the discarded penitent. In this

noble but arduous undertaking, they look for no earthly compensation ; but, as they appear the ministering spirits of religion amongst us, and the instruments of God's mercy to the fallen, so they hope in Him alone for that reward of another world, which His Word assures us shall there crown the works of charity performed for the love of Him in this.

The tale of "The Outcast" is not the history of any particular individual (indeed, the idea was principally suggested to the writer, in the first instance, by Herbert's very expressive picture entitled "The Outcast," which was exhibited during the last summer in the British Institution, and partly, also, by Stonhouse's picture of "The Contrast," in the same exhibition), but a succession of incidents have been thrown together, most of which are known to have occurred to different persons at various times, among the unfortunate class whose cause we advocate. The closing scene of the meeting of the father and daughter was actually witnessed, in the reception-room of the

Convent, as nearly as possible as we have described it.

Applications and an appeal in behalf of this charity have already been extensively and widely made. To the numbers who have responded to the call, the Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd would express their grateful acknowledgments. The present prospects require that this appeal should be earnestly renewed, if we desire that the Order of the Good Shepherd should be established in England in a manner commensurate with the holy ends of the institution. For this purpose an eligible situation, with sufficient ground, must be obtained, and a considerable outlay will be necessary to adapt it to the purposes of the Order. But, on the other hand, a wider range will be given to the charity; a much greater number of the fallen will find refuge in their sorrow and distress, and the penitents themselves will be better enabled than at present, by various modes of industry which it is contemplated to introduce into the Asylum,

to contribute towards their own maintenance. The Sisters of the Order of the Good Shepherd have already conferred signal services on society, by rescuing many from the paths of vice. The power to continue and increase those services is what they ask in return from society. Once more, then, in the name of the institution,

We plead the sacred cause  
Of Heaven born Charity—we supplicate  
For England's daughters,—those who, lost, oppressed  
With the world's woes, have fallen low, indeed !  
Yet not so low, that they should be despised,—  
For Christ did not despise them,—for He came  
To seek and save the lost :—We come to seek  
The wanderer from His fold. “ The world  
Frowns and condemns, but offers no relief ;  
Religion, while it censures and condemns  
Iniquity, invites the unhappy soul  
To Her Asylum—there she offers peace  
In penitence,” and points the way to Heaven.

Daughters of England !—rich, fair, and noble !  
First, we appeal to you,—for pity  
Ever finds a chord whereon to vibrate  
In the young heart,—which, innocent and pure  
In its own native truth, and generous  
In its first glow of tenderest sympathy,  
Responds at once to Charity's soft voice.  
Oh ! hearken to her voice !  
And you, their parents,—“ to whom much is given,  
Much shall be required,”—hear our appeal !

Didst thou but know  
The depths of misery for which we plead—  
The overwhelming anguish and despair  
That rack the wretched soul, which *would* repent,  
Yet hardly dares, because she knows not how,—  
Thou'dst pluck the diadem from thy fair brow,  
And cast it at our feet, and we would pray  
That it might shine in Heaven a diadem for thee.

Hast thou ne'er felt, in Pleasure's giddy whirl,  
A thrilling sense of sadness steal o'er thee,  
When, in thy fancy's strong imaginings,  
Some pictured scene of misery would rise,  
In vivid contrast, to the brilliant throng,  
And lustrous blaze of lights, which, shining bright,  
Could only serve to show the sickening mind,  
More deeply dark, so many thousands  
Of thy fellow-beings, victims of want,  
And houseless wanderers, steeped in misery.  
Oh ! we have rescued from the paths of vice,  
And brought into our fold, some erring souls,  
Who, haply, ne'er had fallen ;—pressed by hunger,  
Cold, and wretchedness, they had but to choose  
Guilt or starvation.

And we have those, whose young and plastic minds  
Inclined to virtue,—like th' unlettered page,  
On which all goodness might have been inscribed ;  
Or like the osier twig, which, rightly trained,  
Had grown into a green and thriving branch.  
They were untaught ; no friendly warning voice  
Showed them the dangerous paths they ought to shun.  
Religion waked no fears—inspired no hopes,  
Nor made them feel their soul's high dignity,—  
Formed for Heaven. Angels themselves must weep  
To see God's creatures, bearing His high impress

Upon their souls,—yet fallen so low !  
Oh ! are there none to rescue ? Wilt not thou  
Assist the Shepherd to bring home the flock ?  
Others, again, are welcomed to our fold,  
Who, fondly trusting to their boasted strength  
Of virtuous principle (first instilled  
By pious parents, in their early youth,  
In some far distant, happy, rural home),  
Have fallen victims to the wily snares  
Of those well practised in the arts of vice.  
Then, overcome with shame, remorse, despair,  
Rather than bear the world's unpitying blight,  
Unbidden, would have dared the presence of their God,  
Had He not saved them ! In this Asylum  
They have found a haven—a secure retreat—  
A refuge from the world. How many more  
Would hasten to our fold ? Oh ! save them now !  
And if thy softened heart is moved to pity,  
Quench not the kindling spark of Charity  
Which burns within thy bosom ; 'tis from God.  
Oh ! let it not return unto Him void,  
But help us to reclaim the Magdalen,  
Whom Christ rejected not, and thou shalt cause  
“ Peace and good-will on earth,” and “ joy in Heaven.”



Digitized by Google

# THE OUTCAST.



## The Outcast.

### CHAPTER I.

---

“There shalt be joy before the angels of God upon one sinner doing penance.”—Luke xv. 10.

---

Who has not felt bereaved, forlorn, forsaken, when death has snatched away a relative—when those we love best have become cold in their friendship, perhaps forsaken us altogether? There are few who cannot recal some period in their lives when the world appeared to them a dreary void, deprived of one object of their affection, all others lost their value and their power to please. Like a musical instrument, in which the starting of one string vibrates in confused and melancholy discord along the rest, so in the human mind, one such shock throws the heart and the affections into confusion, the attention bestowed by love and friendship seems officious, the heart, perverted by an excess of grief, becomes ungrateful, and unconscious of every other blessing; there is a blank in

the mind, a chasm in the affections, something wanting we had long been accustomed to—a parting, as it were, almost from oneself. When we suffer from injustice and oppression, when fortune frowns upon us, when any worldly speculation fails, we are overwhelmed with grief, and fancy ourselves utterly forlorn and miserable. Still, under all these calamities, how many blessings remain! Do we lose a relative, we have many left to us; do friends forsake us, we have others willing to supply their place; does fortune frown, it seldom forsakes us entirely, or, if it does, we probably have friends to pity, and perhaps relieve, us. But there is one being whom I would depict—one of a class of thousands—one *really* desolate and forsaken by the world—one whose footsteps are alone, who belongs not to the world, nor the world to her. It is the Magdalen, repentant but despised, forsaken, mocked, and scorned. She *was* innocent; she was nurtured in piety and virtue; she *intended* always to remain virtuous, *expected* always to remain so. Followed by her parent's blessing, she left their humble and happy roof, to enter one where she should have found protection. Ignorant of the temptations which awaited her, and confiding in her own strength,

she fell, the victim of heartless vice and perfidy—of the selfishness which, not content with its own guilt, plunges a hitherto happy and innocent being into the helpless, hopeless paths of vice, from which there is scarcely any return. He pursues his reckless course, while his wretched victim perishes. Driven from the door in ignominy and disgrace,

*She stands an outcast ! \* motionless, transfixed,  
As if the burthen of her agony  
Press'd on her inmost soul ; no word nor sigh  
Speaks of her grief, too deep for utterance.  
Her hands are clasped, her tearless eyes are closed ;  
She dreads the light of Heaven, the coming hour,  
Th' approaching night ; she dreads her parents' wrath.  
Recals her life of innocence,—'tis fled,  
Yet dearly loved. Virtue deeply prized  
Sunk to the lowest level,—lost for ever !  
Whilst he pursues his heartless, selfish course,  
In utter recklessness, more sinful far  
Than she, the victim of his perfidy.*

Fain would she retrace her wandering steps ; gladly would she enter again upon the path of virtue, but the world condemns her ; she fears the slights of her former friends, but, above all, the reproaches of her parents. She cannot bear the thoughts of inflicting upon them such a bitter

\* Herbert's picture of "The Outcast."

pang, and of witnessing their grief. Yielding to this weakness, she wanders desolate; her little all is spent. She becomes hungry, she is benumbed with cold, her faculties become benumbed,—death stares her in the face. Who can bear unmoved the presence of the King of Terrors? Surely not she, whose conscience reproaches her with guilt; not she, who dares not brave the censures of the world. Warriors are immortalized for braving death, but a poor weak girl is condemned because she possesses not their courage. Surely, if the virtue is so great, *pity at least* may be bestowed upon those who dare not face it. But now sin is become her profession, not because she loves it, but to keep her from starvation. Often, could she have recalled her days of innocence, she would; but as she saw no way of doing this, she checked the voice of conscience, and continued in the paths of vice. For long she pursued her unhappy course, wretched at heart, though apparently callous and hardened. Sometimes the recollection of her parents, whom she had forsaken, and who, she knew, were mourning over their lost child, for whom they had searched in vain, weighed her to the earth, and at times the conviction of her own ruin, temporal and eternal, forced itself

upon her, and, if she dared, she would have prayed.

The good seed had been sown in youth, and, though it had been choked in the growth, yet the root was there. Parents, sow the good seed, for you know not when it may flourish and grow. It may have been checked, but as long as memory lasts it will still be there, and as long as the associations of a happy childhood are dear to the heart, so long will the instructions of the parent be remembered, and perhaps bring forth fruit when the voice that bestowed it has been long hushed in the grave.



## CHAPTER II.

It was Passion Sunday. The altar was stripped of its ornaments. The pictures were hung with black. The peal of the first notes of the organ had struck on the ear of a poor girl, who, forlorn, friendless, and an outcast, passed by. An emotion, long forgotten, returned into her soul; the remembrance of former years flashed on her mind, when, in innocence and happiness, she used to pass that threshold; but *now*, dare she, sinful and debased, enter that portal? Again the organ pealed a louder heavenly note, and conveyed a voice of consolation and encouragement. She remembered that religion held out consolation to the afflicted, and who so afflicted as the sinner? With a mind confused and sorrowful, like one in expectation of meeting with a kind but long lost and forgotten friend, she entered the house of God, and beheld once more the altar before which she had offered the first, the fervent, the unalloyed, and sincere offering of her heart and life to God. Oh! the

altar was there still which had witnessed her vow, which she had broken; the priest who had instructed her was there too; he alone was changed of all she saw, for Time had sprinkled his head with grey, and furrowed his pale cheek. The pictures on which her childish thoughts had dwelt, and the subjects of which were firmly engraven on her mind, were concealed from her view; and, so little had religion been for some years the subject of her thoughts, that, but for those signs of grief which harmonized so well with the state of her mind, she should not have remembered that it was a penitential time. It was well for her, for she felt that, as a penitent only, she could kneel there. Her soul was in an agony; self-convicted, she could but say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" The voice of praise and adoration seemed to ascend to God, and the clouds of incense to be charged with the prayers of the multitude, all but hers; her voice alone was mute; her prayer for mercy seemed to find only an echo in her own breast. Oh! was there no God for her, no peace for her wounded conscience? She looked, and beheld on the tabernacle, with its sable covering, a crucifix; how long was it since she had knelt before that emblem

of redemption? A Saviour!—for whom?—for her?—for sinners? Could it be for such a sinner as she was? Oh! could it be? She gazed upwards, and beheld over the emblems of mourning a dove, with outspread wings. Emblem of peace! Her soul found comfort, for she remembered there was pardon for the sinner who desired it, and she prayed for mercy and forgiveness. Once more the words of the prayers, in which she had been accustomed in childhood to offer up her heart to God, returned to her recollection, and gave expression to the overflowings of her soul. She prayed, she wept, and was she unheeded? No,—her prayers were registered in Heaven, but her cup of woe was not yet dregged.

One thought, one intention, now engrossed her mind; she resolved to quit for ever the paths of vice, and return to innocence and virtue. In the enthusiasm of the moment, she forgot the difficulties which lay in her way; she forgot that she was alone in the wide world. She quitted the chapel with the crowd. She saw all bending their way home, most of them to homes of innocence,—of poverty, perhaps; but still all claimed some kindred tie, all but her. Was it so formerly? Oh! no. She recalled the time when she, too, claimed

a parent's love and a parent's blessing. Almost insensibly she followed the path to her former home. She found that one parent was dead, that the other had left the place, and she could find no trace to his present abode. Hungry, cold, and broken-hearted, she wandered through the streets, resolved to sin no more. Poor girl! is there no one to pity thee, no one to shelter thee? Is God merciful, and will not man be merciful? Does Christ say, "Go, and sin no more; thy sins are forgiven thee," and does man say, "*Because* thou hast sinned, thou may'st sin again, for we will not pity thee; we will not relieve thee?" Night fell—she remembered her evening prayers, so long forgotten, and they seemed like angels' whispers to her soul,—she\* sat down on the steps of the door, which she had entered innocent a few years before,—she remembered that the aged mother of her betrayer had shed tears at parting with her, and given her good advice, and that, while bewailing the heartless conduct of her son, she had wept for her too, his victim. The tear of sympathy is seldom forgotten by the unfortunate. Might it not be again returned at beholding her repent-

\* Stonhouse's picture of "The Contrast."

ance, and ready to perish? She shivered in the cold blast and drizzling rain. A carriage stopped at the door. She saw *him* enter it, accompanied by a young and smiling girl. She stood by the rails; they heeded not our poor wanderer,—saw her not, or, if they did, bestowed no thought upon her.

The rough answer given to a question she ventured to put to the servant who shut the door satisfied her that the young lady was his wife, and that his mother—her former kind old mistress—was dead. Her heart sank chill within her; hope died in her bosom. She would not, could not, think of casting one single shade of gloom over the mind of the young wife, whose countenance beamed with confidence and love. It is somewhere said, that “it is only by having suffered ourselves that we learn to sympathize with the sufferings of others;” and she inwardly prayed that she might never feel like her, betrayed and forsaken. She laid her head on the step-door, and wept. The morning dawned upon her, another day passed over her, and another night, and the poor girl was nearly senseless with the misery of her mind and body. She crept along slowly and unconsciously; she reached the river and the bridge; she gazed

upon the water, and saw it close over the boatman's oar. She threw in a stone; the waters closed over it, and she saw it no more. Her mind was weakened and disordered. She made an effort to follow it, but her arm was stayed; she was held back, she knew not by whom. Powerless and senseless, she was conveyed away; gradually she recovered, and found herself carefully tended, warmed, and fed. The confusion of her mind was for some time too great to allow of her collecting her ideas, or to tell her story; but, when she did, she met with no reproaches, but with kindness and sympathy. Unknown to herself, she had been watched and followed; her air of hopeless misery, her pale, wan, and starved appearance, had not passed unobserved by one of those Good Shepherds, who, like their Great Master, go about doing good. The lost sheep was brought into the fold, there to learn again the lessons of innocence, to forsake the paths of vice, and enter on those of virtue.

## CHAPTER III.

---

“ Ceased the high sound, the listening throng  
Applaud the master of the song ;  
And marvel much, in helpless age,  
So hard should be his pilgrimage.  
Had he no friend, no daughter dear,  
His wandering toil to share and cheer ?  
No son to be his father’s stay,  
And guide him on the rugged way ?  
‘ Ay, once he had ; but he was dead ! ’  
Upon the harp he stoop’d his head,  
And busied himself the strings withal,  
To hide the tear, that fain would fall.  
In solemn measure, soft and slow,  
Arose a father’s notes of woe.”

*Scott’s “ Lay of the Last Minstrel.”*

---

How desolate was the hearth of the old man, as he sat alone, watching the ever changeful and dying embers of his little fire ! The helping hand that had been wont to trim it, and minister to all his comforts, was now mouldering in the grave ; but he waited, as usual, for his grate to be replenished, and his frugal board to be spread, till the calls of hunger, and the increasing keen frost of a November evening, aroused him from

his lethargy, and reminded him of his loss. His wife, the partner of his joys and sorrows for so many years, the mother of *one* remaining child, and of several others (who, like buds in spring, prematurely nipped in their blossoming, had preceded their parent to the grave), had been dead and buried only a few days. The first passion of grief had subsided; the friends, who had tended her in her illness and on her death-bed, and remained with him till the last sad rites were over, and some of them even afterwards, to soothe and console him, had all departed to their several homes, and the bereaved husband felt himself for the first time alone! How, in recollection, he passed over the events of the last few weeks, recalling every expression of kindness to himself, of love to their children,—their children, alas!—their child, their only remaining child,—how many messages she had charged him with to deliver to her,—how many exhortations, everything her maternal heart could devise, which seemed at all calculated to allure her back to her duty, and be to her father the stay of his declining years,—the wife and the mother had prayed,—oh! how earnestly!—that she might be brought back to the ways of virtue, and bid her father's heart



rejoice! She had closed her eyes, calling on *her* name, and begging of God to call her to repentance. Peace to thy parting spirit! Thy prayers are heard; pangs of remorse have already visited the conscience which had never been quite deadened, but had, from time to time, spoken in a voice too loud not to be heard, too importunately to be quite unheeded; and was it not in answer to a mother's prayer, which had never ceased to ascend to Heaven for her deliverance, which had, on her death-bed, been her last fond wish, the last link of her earthly love? But she had died happy, confident that the God who had bid her "ask, that she might receive," would bring her erring child once more to *His fold*.

The old man's thoughts, however, at this time, dwelt on his own loss alone. He remembered all her solicitude for this object only in connection with the tenderness and love she had always manifested towards himself, and the care she had taken in the nurture of their children. He had wept over the graves of sons and daughters, some of them old enough to have been able to requite and lessen his toil, and to repay him, in some measure, for the unceasing labour he had so long and cheerfully undergone to provide for their sub-

sistence and their well-being in the world. One by one they had dropped into the tomb, and left their parents sorrowing. His wife and himself had given them to their God, broken-hearted, indeed, for a time (for nature must mourn, and Jesus himself had wept over the grave of His friend); but He whom they had served, and, by bringing up their children well, had fulfilled the duty required of them, had comforted them; and they looked up to God, and prayed that the *one* they had left, who had out-grown the age at which her brothers and sisters had been so early cut off, and gave promise of health and strength, might be spared to them, to be the solace and support of their old age. Few thoughts, however, during this early period of his bereavement, had the widowed man bestowed upon his child. He felt the chill of loneliness,—he had never felt it before; *her* voice no longer responded to his call, *her* hand no longer administered to his wants. He wept like a child, and, almost helpless as a child, laid himself down to rest. For long he continued weeping, till, from utter weariness, he fell asleep; but it was an uneasy, broken sleep; visions of the past arose before him, in all which his wife and children bore a part. *She*, too, was there (she

who still lived), as she used to be, young and gay, innocent and happy; but where was she now? How his heart yearned towards her! He had never known before how dearly he had loved her. His thoughts were turned into a new channel; they were fixed upon his child. She had loved him once, and dearly. Her parents had loved her with all a parents' love; their affections had centred in her after they had lost all their other children. But they were poor; the old man had no longer the strength he formerly had; old age was stealing upon him, and his earnings were not so great as they had been. The good child saw this, and that her parents worked harder than they were able to support her. They had never proposed to her to leave them to gain her own livelihood; they even dreaded she should think of it; they loved to gaze upon her, to hear her merry laugh, and they received all her dutiful affection and kindness with hearts overflowing with gratitude to God, who had preserved her to them, to be their staff and comfort in the vale of years into which they were both hastening; but she would go, and they let her go at last. It was but reasonable, and better for her; they did not require her assistance; their own wants were

few, and were easily satisfied. The light work that was necessary was not beyond her mother's strength, and was rather serviceable to one who had always been used to labour. The young girl was only idle, and, though she was docile and obedient, they knew too well into how many evils idleness often leads the young, long or seriously to oppose her wish. Not that she desired to leave her parents, but to earn for them, to provide them with many little comforts which their increasing age would soon render necessary. She would not go far from them; she would often, very often, see them, as often as she could. It never occurred to her that it was possible a time might come when she should wish to bend her steps in any other direction than that which led to the home of her dear, her devoted, and her bereaved parents. A place was found, one which held out a promise of being everything they could wish as a safe, a respectable, and a happy abode for their dear, their only child. We have shown, alas! (in a former Chapter) that it did not prove so. There are hearts so bad, natures so abandoned, as to covet most those forbidden pleasures which are difficult of attainment,—to break down, by degrees, and insensibly, as it were, the barriers

which a virtuous education has placed as an obstacle in their way, and, by slow, insidious, and deliberate means, to undermine the springs from which so many beautiful and engaging virtues flow. Oh! deadly perversion of the human mind, what poison can have been instilled into thy nature?—under what Satanic influence dost thou live, and move, and have thy being, that nothing but the ruin of the best, the most innocent, and, we may almost say, the most favoured of God's creation, should satisfy thy malignant spirit? Can virtue, unsuspecting and confiding, perceive the artful windings with which thou seekest to carry out thy wicked purposes? Under the guise of virtue alone canst thou make thy attacks upon the young, the open, the ingenuous heart. How insensibly dost thou distil thy honied words into her unsuspecting mind, till, before she knows it herself, her heart is enslaved! It is no longer her own; perverted reason flatters itself that the appearance of so much good must be real, and exalts the disinterestedness, which, forgetting inequality of rank and station, would brave the censures of the world for *her* sake. Alas! she is caught in the snare; too late she finds her mistake. Such was the fate of our poor girl. We have already told

her tale; we have traced her in her wanderings, and accompanied her in her sorrows; we have seen her at last conveyed to an Asylum, offering her peace, and an opportunity for repentance. (Poor girl! she repented long ago, but she requires rest for her shattered soul, a balm to her broken spirit.) We left her for awhile to visit the abode of her dying parent and bereaved father.

It has been justly said that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and the old man felt this in all its force, when, restless, uneasy, and alone, the very place in which he had spent so many happy years, surrounded by his family, became distasteful to him, till at last he resolved to change his abode, and he had done so only a short time before his daughter, awakened to a deep sense of her position by her accidental visit to the chapel, had been seeking him. A morbid desire of indulging his grief, unobserved and unobtruded upon, had induced him to evade all questions as to whither he was going; and thus it was the poor girl had been unable to learn any tidings of him. Something, however, had been forgotten—some reminiscence of former times—and he came back to seek it, and then he learned his daughter had been seen in the chapel,—that she had been recognised by

some of her former friends, but had appeared to wish to avoid them, and made her way straight to her father's former house,—that, not finding him, she had disappeared again, refusing to be comforted. At this the old man gave way to a burst of grief, and reproached himself bitterly for the rash step he had taken, by which he had lost his child a second time; then he hastened to the chapel, to one who had been the adviser of her youth, and his comforter in his sorrows; and he poured out his tale to a not unpitying ear, to one who, indeed, consoled him.

On the evening of that day might be seen seated, in the reception-room of the Convent, the attenuated form of a venerable-looking old man; his care-worn cheek, and his eyes red with weeping, showed him to have been a great sufferer. He was bent gently forward, as if from weakness, or under the pressure of some mental sorrow; but it was not so now, for he was happy. A little behind him stood a girl in the dress of the penitents; her hand was upon his shoulder, and her tears fell fast over the bowed-down head of her parent. Yes, it was her parent; the father had found his long-lost child, she over whom he had mourned, more than over those who were

dead. One of the Sisters (*une des bonnes bergeres*) knelt near them in silent prayer. It was a scene calculated to excite the deepest sympathy, and awaken the liveliest interest. The father offered no reproaches, but fervently thanked Heaven, who had directed her feet to the paths of penitence and peace, and restored to him once more his well loved, erring, but repentant child. She had been for some weeks an inmate of the Asylum of the Good Shepherd. Gladly and thankfully he left her there awhile, to be strengthened in her good resolutions, and make her peace with her offended God; and then she returned to her parent's roof, there to atone for her past offences, and the grief she had caused him, and, by "every gentle office of patient love," and by a life of virtue, to comfort him, and make his heart rejoice even in his old age, when she alone was left to him of all whom he had so much loved.





# **LINES**

**SUGGESTED BY THE "ECCE HOMO" OF CORREGGIO,  
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**



## Lines

SUGGESTED BY THE "ECCE HOMO" OF CORREGGIO,  
IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

---

Whence is thine anguish? Saviour!  
Whence the overwhelming pain,  
Deep-seated in Thy sunken eye,  
Of agony unutterable?  
The crown of thorns, though hardly pressed,  
Appears, with double weight as if  
T'would crush the sacred head  
That bears it! Yet they are but thorns!  
Have *they* the power to make *Thee* shrink?  
*Thou!*—a God! Have *they* the power  
To make Thine eye so lustreless?  
The burthen of the world is there!  
The weight of man's transgression!  
Language has not power to express  
The misery, the extent of punishment,  
A God of Justice would demand  
Of guilty man! *He* bears it all!  
*He!*—the Just!—the Sinless! 'Tis *this*  
That weighs on Him,—“Behold the Man!”  
“On Him is laid th' iniquity of all!”  
'Tis past the finite sense of man  
To comprehend the love and grief  
That pressed upon His soul. He dies—  
A God!—that guilty man may live!  
Let us adore.



**THE MARKET CROSS**  
**AND THE**  
**HOLY WELL.**



## The Market Cross and the Holy Well.

---

In almost every town and village in England there is a "Market Cross." To describe them is unnecessary, every one is familiar with their appearance, so much so, that they seldom think of inquiring into their origin, or questioning their ever having been used for any other purpose than that of a place of meeting for the farmers on market-days to expose their samples of grain, for the country people to sell the produce of their poultry yards and gardens, for the fisherman to dispose of his last night's take of fish, or for the more dignified purpose of proclaiming, by a variety of printed bills, the play to be performed in the barn theatre of the little town the same evening, the feats of horsemanship which are to take place on the neighbouring common, the charity sermons to be preached the next Sunday, or the day on which meetings are to be held to petition Parliament for the abolition of the slave



trade or the Corn Laws, or any other law which happens to be obnoxious at the time. To such purposes, together with many others, well known to old women who sell crockery, and the every day venders of sour apples and very equivocal looking ginger-bread, are the "Market Cross" and its immediate vicinity applied, except in some places, where, through the praiseworthy activity of the inhabitants, or some individual who takes an interest in the advancement of the town, there have sprung up, to the admiration of the old people and the little children, and to the manifest comfort of the neighbourhood generally, goodly rows of pillars, intended to bear some faint resemblance to the Parthenon at Athens, supporting a substantial roof, ornamented by little stone obelisks at the corners, and bearing in the middle a small square tower, from which the town clock proclaims in solemn tones the passing hours, and surmounted by the weather-*cock* or weather-*fox*, vainly and for ever turning tail from every surly blast (safe, however, poor Reynard, from that of the hunter's horn). In such favoured little towns this accommodation has proved of great service to the poor people, who can thereby protect both themselves and their goods from the inclemencies

of our changeable climate, and has removed them from their former rendezvous, "the Market Cross." Still it retains its name, still it has been protected, in some unaccountable way, from the ravages of any other spoiler than that of Time, and, though the steps are loose and broken, no one thinks of removing them, the children play upon them, their parents sit upon them in the sultry summer evenings, the blind beggar stands upon them, safe from the carts and horses which are passing in the street, holding out his tattered hat to beg, and probably eliciting the compassion of some of the persons about him, by detailing the cause of his misfortune, the sagacity of his dog, or recounting some of the tales he has picked up in the course of his wanderings. But why is it called "the Market Cross?" There is no sign of a "cross" now, only a broken pillar, and nothing to indicate for what use it was originally destined. It was erected by the piety of our ancestors, in the days when the spirit of devotion breathed throughout the land. It was erected in an age when the emblem of redemption was not despised, when the representation of the cross, on which were expiated the sins of the world, was not considered calculated to lead the people into idolatry, and when it was

justly thought its remembrance could not be too often recalled to the mind. That same broken pillar was once surmounted by a "cross," rude, perhaps, in proportion and design, but still it served the purpose for which it had been placed there. It was the first object which met the eye of the labourer, when, early in the morning, he went to his work, and while, in company with his fellow-labourers, he devoutly knelt upon the steps, as was their custom (when man was not ashamed, as now, to be seen bending his knee before his Creator), and said a short prayer, imploring a blessing upon himself and his family, for whose support he was going to work hard all day,—callous, indeed, must have been his heart if some sentiments of a holy and softening nature did not sometimes enter his bosom, instilling thoughts which, though they might seem to slumber, were, perhaps, to be one day remembered, to the advantage of his soul. His wife, when she opened her lattice, beheld the same object, the "cross" before which her husband had so lately knelt, and invoked the blessing of God upon her. It probably served to banish from her mind some vain or frivolous thought, and reminded her that her first duty was to God. Her little family all benefitted

by the good impression made on their mother's mind, she proceeded with alacrity to administer to their comforts. They were all taught to kneel to lisp their little morning prayers, and who can tell what good effects may have sprung from this habit alone, from how much evil it may have preserved them, and how much benefit it may have been productive of during the course of their lives ?

In the midst of some temporary tumult, which would occasionally occur at home or abroad, the offender's eye, falling on the silent monitor, he was admonished of his fault, his angry spirit quelled, and he was brought back to calmness and reflection.

Amid scenes of death and misfortunes of various kinds, the agonized heart found comfort in gazing on the "cross." In scenes of joy and festivity, when the buoyancy of youthful spirits and the excitement of the moment would have hurried on the young to the indulgence of some forbidden pleasure, the "cross" recalled his recollection. Old age clung to the remembrance of the silent emblem, supplying abundant topics of reflection. Few could read in those days, books were scarce, but there were few who had not been taught their

religion, and all might read in the book of the "cross." The rich, who rolled by in the pride of wealth, looked on the lowly cross of Jesus, and were humbled, they were reminded for one moment of the true end of their being, and, transient as the feeling might be, yet it would return, and how much good seed may have been sown by the constantly recurring repetition of the emblem of redemption, and have ripened into mature fruit, can be known only to God. But we have not yet done with the voice of past ages, whispering from the mouldering relics by which we are everywhere surrounded. Let us visit for awhile

### A HOLY WELL,

and see whether, like the "Market Cross," it also may not have been of some use in helping man on through the pilgrimage of this life, and directing his thoughts to Heaven.

The remains of these wells are still very commonly to be met with in many parts of Great Britain. We are in the habit every day of hearing of wells bearing the name of some saint, without ever thinking of how the custom originated. They are generally met with in the vicinity of the ruins of some church or chapel, probably

dedicated to the same saint, and thus, in a certain degree, connected with it. Others are believed to have been called after some holy person who lived or died near the spot, whose memory being venerated by the people, they had given his name to the well from which he had drawn his simple beverage, but it is most likely that many of them owed their names to the piety of those by whom they had been dug or enclosed, and who bestowed on them the name of their own patron saint, or that to whom the day was dedicated on which the work was begun or finished.

There are persons amongst us, even in the present day, old enough to remember the time when no one thought of taking a journey of a few hundred miles without first arranging his affairs and making his will, and when such a journey was looked upon as an event in a man's life. If the difficulties and dangers of travelling were so great at comparatively so recent a date, how much more formidable must they have been ages ago, when the country was much less thickly peopled, when the baronial castles were few and far between, and the retainers and the people flocked around their chief, for the purposes of mutual protection and defence. Towns and villages supporting them-

selves by manufactures and otherwise, were hardly, if at all, known. There were probably few, if any, inns, at least not in the remote districts, for it could not have been worth any one's while to provide accommodation for the few persons who were from necessity obliged to travel, besides, in those primitive days of hospitality, the halls of the nobles and the lords of the soil were open to the traveller at all times, he was welcomed because he was a stranger, this was a sufficient passport, no questions were asked, he was sure of courteous entertainment, and indeed it can be easily imagined that visitors of this kind were generally regarded as very welcome guests, often conveying intelligence from dear but distant friends, and of many incidents, which, however important in themselves, were often long in finding their way to distant parts of the country.

In those days, journeys must have been made either on foot or in the same manner as is recorded of the patriarchs of old, and long afterwards, even of the sons of kings and other illustrious personages, of whom it is said, "Then he arose and saddled his ass." Asses, mules, or native mountain ponies were the only means of conveyance the uncultivated state of the country would admit of—there were no roads worthy of the name, the traveller must have wan-

dered from one feudal tenure to another without a finger-post to guide him on his way, often through thick forests and over almost trackless moors and waste lands. How cheering, then, it must have been to him to perceive in the distance the little cross indicating the existence of "a Holy Well!" and as there he refreshed both himself and his jaded steed, and kneeling before the cross offered up his prayers to God, he felt strengthened both in mind and body, and pursued his way with renewed courage.

In Ireland, groups of people may frequently be seen kneeling around "a Holy Well," which is generally near the road side, often picturesquely situated in a grove of old trees. Setting aside the religious associations connected with the well itself, may we not believe that the blessings of God, promised when two or three are gathered together in His name, alights upon the worshippers. There is too much in the world to dissipate our thoughts, and surely if a hallowed spot in the desert of man's pilgrimage upon earth may serve to arrest the workings of his restless spirit, and create religion's "gentle sway" within his bosom, may remind him of his dependance upon God, and cause him to fix his mind upon the goal to which he ought to aspire,



so pious a custom, and one which is capable of producing so much good, calls for our admiration and respect, and its absence from among ourselves ought rather to be deplored.

The following beautiful lines are extracted from a poem entitled

“OUR LADY’S WELL,”

BY MRS. HEMANS.

[“A beautiful spring in the woods near St. Asaph, formerly covered in with a chapel, now in ruins. It was dedicated to the Virgin, and (according to Pennant) much the resort of pilgrims.”]

“Fount of the chapel, with ages grey !  
Thou art springing freshly without decay !  
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,  
And the changeful hours breathe o’er thee now !  
Yet, if at thine altar one holy thought  
In man’s deep spirit of old hath wrought,  
If peace to the mourner hath here been given,  
Or prayer from a chastened heart to Heaven,  
Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,  
Who hath made thee Nature’s own again.”

# THE PASSING BELL.



## The Passing Bell.

---

“Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,”—such are the solemn words used in the liturgy of the Church of England, when resigning to the grave the sacred trust of the dead,—*sacred*, because the body must rise again to meet the spirit that has just fled, and which is a spark of the Divinity itself, but, when that is over, when the beautiful, the magnificent, but the appalling, chapter has been read, beginning, “Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept,”\* and, continuing in a strain of overpowering eloquence, proceeds to describe the change from earth to Heaven, and in a few words, and, as it were, actually “in the twinkling of an eye,” to exhibit the scene of the general judgment “at the last trump (for the trumpet shall sound), and we shall be changed,” and then ending in the

\* 1 Cor. xv. 20.

language of exultation, exclaims, "Death is swallowed up in victory! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" &c., and when it hath been "said or sung," as is directed in the ritual, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." When all this is over, when the body of the departed has been lowered into the grave, when the sound of the first clod, breaking upon the coffin, has startled us from our *reverie*, and we have watched, with a tenacious eye, the gradual filling up of the grave, when the green sod has been carefully spread, and no trace is left of the dead, then the reign of desolation in the bereaved heart begins. "Time alone can heal the wound," is often almost the only consolation which the ingenuity of friends can devise, but how inapplicable at such a moment, when memory clings with fond recollection to every word and look, to every proof of love and tenderness bestowed by the beloved object whose form has for ever passed from our view! The selection of the portions of Scripture forming the burial service of the Church of England seems applicable chiefly, if not entirely, to those

“blessed” who have “died in the Lord,” but who can say that he has ever mourned over the tomb of a relative without some misgivings of what his present condition might be?—who can say that the object of his regret was so good, so virtuous, so perfect, as to merit an immediate translation to the realms of bliss?—and, if not, where is he? There is no middle state of souls, according to the belief of that Church, only Heaven or Hell! The mind recoils at the thought, and seeks comfort in vain, for they *may not* “pray for the dead.”

Perhaps no more touching picture of the want of such a consolation can be drawn than that of “Nell” in the churchyard, by Dickens, where the only filling up of the void of separation caused by death, and the only union between the dead and the living is described by “the schoolmaster” to be the effects of the good example which was given by those who are gone, bearing fruit in the minds and conduct of those who are left behind. There is good in this, no doubt, but little consolation to the bereaved relative, whose loss is only the greater the more virtuous the deceased has been. *Reason* may be comforted by the reflection when the first burst of grief is over, but the wounded heart is as desolate as ever, the separation as complete.

No one can have read the dialogues of the two old men, the sexton and his assistant, without acknowledging that the tenacity of life exhibited in their conversations is not overdrawn, but to the attentive observer may be met with, showing itself in some way or other every day. Who has not been affected by the attempts of the little children to prolong the memory of their dead brother, by planting flowers upon his grave, or sympathized in the utter desolation of the old grandfather when poor little "Nell" was taken away from him? It is frightful to the living to believe that all connection with this world will be at an end the moment they cease to breathe, it is the consummation of bereavement itself to think that, even in spirit, we are utterly and entirely separated from our dearest relatives, as if they had never existed. It seems as inconsistent with the attributes of God, as we believe it to be contrary to the revelations of religion to imagine that the necessity of such a connection (as is allowed us by our belief in the efficacy of praying for the dead) should be incorporated in our nature, and no means be given us of satisfying it. We are sometimes accused of loving our religion for the sake of the consolations it holds out to us. It is, indeed, a religion full of

consolations, and that of praying for the dead is not one of the least, but it is to the firmness of our belief we are indebted for it. Had we the shadow of a doubt of the authority of the Church which teaches such a doctrine, all our consolation would vanish; this once admitted, we are of necessity forced to share in its comforts and participate in its blessings.

“The Passing Bell” sounds across the hollow dell, on the opposite banks of which appears the steeple of the village church overtopping a grove of trees, which, slanting downwards, droop their willow branches into the torrent below, fresh from the mountain side, and meandering through the valley beneath. The green hill sides are scattered over with sheep, the reaper is resting by his sheaf, the little gleaners trudge merrily home under their load, the sun is setting in a flood of glory, the crimson and purple clouds edged with gold, are reflected over the whole landscape, and the air itself seems tinged with radiance. The mind shares in the perfect repose of nature, a calm and quiescent peace reigns within, thoughts and scenes which have lately ruffled us are forgotten, or at least have ceased to agitate, we gaze tranquilly on the quiet scene, and think ourselves happy, but



the sound of "the Passing Bell" again falls on the ear, fitfully it sighs upon the breeze which conveys it across the valley. Why does it interrupt our repose?—why do uneasy thoughts arise?—why does the image of death arise before our frightened senses, and fill us, in spite of ourselves, with gloomy forebodings? It is because we all feel we are not fit to die. It is not regret for the departed, for probably we know not for whom the Church bell is tolling, but it is that we feel that if at this moment our souls were required of us, we should not have confidence to appear before the judgment-seat of God. It is because we feel we are imperfect, and we know that "nothing imperfect can enter Heaven." "The Passing Bell" awakened other thoughts, in the days when, as its name implies, it indicated that a soul was on its passage to eternity, and called upon all to unite at that moment in prayer for its peace and rest. "*Requiescat in pace.*" What a consolation to the friends of the deceased to know that the trembling spirit appeared not alone before the judgment-seat of God, and that holy souls on earth, and saints in Heaven, were invoking the mercy of God in its behalf, and deprecating His wrath! How delightful to think that when we

are gone others may do the same for us. How it takes the sting from death!—how it unites our souls with those that are gone!—and how, even now, does the sound of “the Passing Bell” unite us in spirit to the times which are gone by! It is a relic of the past, and, it may be, it is a harbinger of the future, when man shall no longer spurn the blessings which are held out to him, but thankfully take his place under the shadow of the true Church, imbibing life, and health, and consolation, from the fountain of truth itself.



# WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



## Westminster Abbey.

---

### CHAPTER I.

One bright morning in June, in 1842, as the first rays of the sun streamed through the windows of the Abbey, a monk awoke from a trance of three hundred and twenty years, and at the same moment raised himself from his coffin, which, worn with the decay of ages, yielded to the energetic stroke of its occupant; it was, however, but for a few moments, the vital spark, though it had not fled, had been nearly extinguished, and, as the lamp burns brightest in the socket, the final parting of the spirit had awakened the throes of death. Suspended animation returned with a convulsive effort, and before the dying man could collect his thoughts or recover from his astonishment, his body sunk back into its narrow home, and his spirit issued from its corpse-like tenement, from which it had for ages been fluttering to be free;

but it passed not at once to Heaven, a few hours of punishment awaited it, some unexpiated sin must be atoned for, and it was condemned to wander for awhile among the tombs which enshrined the bodies of its former companions. Unconscious of having passed through the valley of death, it issued into the aisles of Westminster, thinking it was but yesterday he had fallen asleep, and yet few things appeared as they had done yesterday. Where had he slept? Not in his bed, not in the adjoining monastery, but on the damp earth, in a dark corner of the Abbey, for he beheld a broken coffin, and from thence he had arisen. He emerged into the light, all was changed, the Abbey seemed tenantless, the rays of the sun shone as usual on the same place he had always observed them to rest upon at a certain hour, an hour at which he had been accustomed to say an early mass; but upon what did they shine? Upon figures and sculpture he had never seen before. He tried to remember what saints they should depict, or to whom so many new tombs had been erected. In vain did he try to account for their sudden appearance there; wherever he looked, fresh objects of novelty met his view, and much he was familiar with had dis-

appeared ; no sound of bell nor voice of monk met his ear. Were they all asleep? All was silent, no doors were open, there was no clatter of the footfalls of the usual attending morning worshippers ; they, no doubt, waited outside the Abbey, and he to whom the opening of the doors was entrusted had overslept himself. Intent upon the performance of his duty, he advanced towards the "Confessor's Chapel," there to robe himself as usual ; fresh objects of astonishment met him at every step. Had he allowed himself to think, he would have been bewildered, but, true to his duty, he resolved to restrain his curiosity till he should have said the mass it was his turn to celebrate, and, still more true to his duty, he passed on to the performance of it, regardless of the wonderful changes which had taken place during the preceding night ; but when he arrived at Edward's little chapel, there was nothing there but the tomb of the saint ! Had sacrilege been committed whilst he had been asleep in a corner of the Abbey? How he reproached himself ! He rushed from the chapel, went up and down the aisles wondering, encountering iron gates, which, to his astonishment, offered no opposition to his progress, for as a spirit he passed through them ; he made



his way towards the altar, that, too, was changed ! The steps were there still, but where was the sanctuary ?—where was the tabernacle ?—where was the altar he had seen there but yesterday ? He looked around, nothing was as it had been, all was new. He began to doubt his own identity ; he began to fear he had gone mad ; he thought some fever of the brain had fallen upon him, and that all he saw was only pictured on his own mind, and was the effect of delirium, or a feverish dream. Some one entered to whom he tried to speak, but found he had lost the power of language, but what surprised him most was that the person did not take the least notice of him, or seem sensible of his presence. He then discovered for the first time he could not see himself, and was invisible. Then he fancied himself a spirit from the other world, but had no recollection of having passed away from this. He felt his present state was above his comprehension, he could not tell whether what he saw was reality or the effect of his own disordered intellect, but with that perfect acquiescence in the Divine Will which had been habitual to him under all circumstances, he calmly and quietly watched the proceedings of several

other personages, who successively appeared in the enclosed part of the Abbey in which he found himself. Several wore white flowing robes, and advanced to places which seemed allotted to them. Presently a service, which seemed intended to be a religious one, began, but there was no mass, no sacrifice, no priest, no altar! The tones of the organ were new to him, neither were the music nor the singers the same. The meaning of the whole puzzled him. It all ceased after a short time, and everybody disappeared.

Westminster! the form of thy ancient religion has, indeed, passed away, but its spirit is about thee still; it hovers over every sacred but neglected shrine, it speaks from the desecrated altar, it mourns over the tombs of the ancient dead, speaking from the kneeling figures on the monuments, which in sculpture, though rude and broken, yet breathe the spirit of prayer; and stranger, whoever thou may'st be, who art now wandering through the aisles once venerated by thy fathers, dost thou wonder that at such a remote period they should have been able to raise such a monument of their skill? In proportion to their object, so was their work; their capacities, ennobled by ideas of the

attributes of the Deity they would honour, conceived thoughts, which, however infinitely inferior to the object, gave existence to those noble structures which have served as models for succeeding ages, and which still stand unrivalled as specimens of architecture ;—but the spirit which produced them has only passed away for awhile, it still exists ; it has only slumbered, it is not dead ; and as the pilgrim, who has just awaked from his long trance, and now, though unseen and unfelt, issues forth from a dark and forgotten nook of Westminster Abbey, so is the spirit reviving ; it shines forth occasionally like lightning from the dark thunder cloud, startling the inhabitants of the world, when, in the voice of a Newman or a Sibthorpe, it tells of things which had been forgotten, which had been lost in the obscurity of men's minds ;—as when sable night hides all objects from our view, yet nevertheless they exist, and only await the morning dawn to make them visible. A voice has gone forth from Oxford, the cross is taking root in the land, its splendour shines from afar, it moves steadily and majestically along, its refulgence gleams even now over thy forsaken altars, Westminster ! The spirit of the true

Church has arisen. *Truth* is *omnipotent*, and must conquer. England will shine forth as a beacon of light, dispensing the blessings of religion over the immense empire which owns her sway, and shall be hailed by many nations as the instrument of their conversion to God.

## CHAPTER II.

Some hours had passed away. The pilgrim soul issued forth from the great western door. "Go to the maze of Tuttle," Shakspeare said nearly three hundred years ago, and it probably was not new even in his time. Tothill-street still remains, but how different are the thoughts of the throng of to-day to those of their predecessors! Although, no doubt, then, as now, there were worshippers of Mammon to be found who bowed their knee to the golden shrine alone, still, to the many, it was the way to the house of God. Alas! how sad the contrast!—how few pass there now whose devotional feelings are excited, as the gradually enlarging view of the Abbey opens upon them as they advance! Some, indeed, there are who lament that they cannot worship there as their forefathers did, and perhaps many an inward prayer is raised that those days may come again; but the *multitude* deride the superstition of the olden times, which could raise such a monument

to God ! The pilgrim soul passed on, but met no familiar face. He returned, and became sensible of more changes ; the monastery was changed, and partly gone. The spell was broken now,—he knew he must have slept for years, perhaps for ages. Would that he had slept to wake no more, to find himself a wandering spirit amid the wreck of holy things ! Alas ! poor soul, *thou* mournest only over the *absence* of religion which once adorned the venerated sanctuary, and flourished in the honoured precincts of thy well-loved Abbey. Didst thou but know (but this knowledge is spared thee, because thy cup of sorrow is already so nearly overflowing) the iniquity and the vice which rage in every form that the arch enemy of mankind has invented for the destruction of souls in the immediate vicinity of all that was once so holy and so good, thou wouldst be almost tempted to question the wisdom of the Eternal who had allowed such things to be,—but, as thy spirit became more ethereal and more and more disenthralled from the weight of humanity, thou wouldst perceive that the justice of God demanded punishment, that none could be greater than that which the wild and ungoverned passions of man inflict upon each other, and that none can be more effectual

towards at length turning the hearts of the sufferers to seek for rest in their true and heavenly country, and that, as vice produces misery, and the iniquity of the fathers is visited upon the children, so will the children turn to God, and implore His mercy, which is never asked for in vain. Thus it is now, iniquity has reached its height, and in no portion of the great metropolis, which has grown and increased (since thou, poor soul! became unconscious of thine own existence), till it has become the leviathan of the world, does vice abound more than in the locality of which we speak.

“ Whole streets, even those buildings which were formerly appropriated to pious and charitable purposes, under the very shadow of the Abbey, have been devoted to the most degrading purposes, and in these dens of iniquity cases of robbery, suicide, and even murder, frequently occur. It is hardly possible to calculate the multitudes who in succession become, after spreading the infection of vice and disease, the victims of premature decay and death. Of these wretched outcasts, many have been respectably connected, being the daughters of tradesmen, others having been servants in families, who, having been allured

into these haunts of iniquity, have followed their headlong course to death. It is calculated that at least four thousand of such unhappy women have, in this neighbourhood alone, during the last forty years, sunk into eternity!" This account is extracted from a letter which has recently appeared in the public prints. The first step towards the remedy of a great and public evil is, that it should be publicly known. These facts, the reminiscences connected with the scenes of these occurrences, the comparison of the present with the past, all tend to one great object—viz., the just appreciation of our holy religion, and an acknowledgment of its beneficial influence upon mankind.

To the wandering spirit of the monk these things were not revealed, but he paused and pondered on all he saw, it required no stretch of memory to convey him back to the events of more than three centuries before, the interval appeared to him a mere point of time, and the changes he witnessed only the natural consequences of events which were then taking place. He had awaked in the days which had been predicted would arrive, the mandates of Henry had gone forth, his successors had followed in his footsteps. Reason had lifted her presumptuous voice, and attempted to



create a religion of her own. The form of the true Church had been banished from the land, and with it had disappeared all those beautiful graces which it is alone capable of producing. The people, hungry for spiritual consolation, had followed false teachers, who had led them only into error, "blind leaders of the blind." In spirit he traversed the land. The cry of starvation arose, the cry of the destitute and forlorn, the cry of those having no resting-place for their afflictions, no spiritual comfort. The bulk of the nation were crying for bread, the little relief bestowed upon them was wrenched from the wealthy by the hand of the law, the rich were set on amassing riches, and the poor rose against their oppressors. The spirit of the true religion had passed away, and with it the spirit of charity; but our poor pilgrim soul was now approaching the termination of its penance. A bright vision of futurity arose before him, when England, wearied with the elements of discord produced by unbelief, should come at last to seek for truth at the holy fount from which it sprung. Mass was one more celebrated in Westminster Abbey, and the spirit of our monk ascended into Heaven.

# **CATHOLICISM—ITS SOCIAL EFFECTS.**



## Catholicism—its Social Effects.

---

Charity is a great social bond, connecting all classes of the community, all depend to a certain degree, and more or less upon each other; it is in accordance with the harmony of nature, all the great changes which are constantly going on in vegetation and the elements are produced by and depend upon each other, all fulfil the ends of their creation, and though sometimes they appear to be in disorder, they work out the purposes for which they were designed, under the superintendence of the Great Controller of all things, whose "ways not being as our ways, and whose thoughts not being as our thoughts," it is often impossible for us to see the end from the beginning, or perceive by what course of events it pleases Him to effect His own most holy will.

In the same manner He has regulated our dependence upon each other. He has fixed certain immutable laws, by which we are governed, as it

were, in spite of ourselves, for when we try to turn from these laws, or to swerve from the established system by which He has ordained we should abide, we fall into confusion, and fail in accomplishing the end which we had proposed to ourselves.

The new system, which is at present occupying the attention of some of the leading Catholics of France, and an account of which has lately appeared in a work entitled "Crusade of the Nineteenth Century: an Appeal to Catholic Piety to Reconstruct Social Science on a Christian Basis,"\* appears to be one of those workings of the imperfect human mind which would attempt to produce a perfect system of social Christianity upon a basis of its own, which it would believe to be perfect in itself, and therefore perfect in its consequences.

The proposal of M. Rousseau (in a few words) seems to be this, that individuals (of course it can

\* The author, M. Louis Rousseau, first published an account of his plan in the French periodical, "L'Université Catholique;" he has now collected the papers together, and published them in a volume. This gentleman has entirely devoted himself to the accomplishing of his great work, and for this purpose has been carrying on a series of experiments upon his own estate. He is now, with the sanction of the French Government, about to commence operations on a more extensive scale in Algiers.

only be a limited number) should, in order to remedy all social evils, engage in large farming speculations, each farm to be of an extent of several thousand acres, on which are to be settled a Christianly organized population, having a manager or director, clergy and nuns, lay workmen, &c. &c. All the wants of life are to be supplied by their own labour out of the products of the farm ; they are to live, as it were, independently of the rest of the world. All are to be paid in proportion to their work, and in proportion to the productiveness of the soil, &c. These philanthropists aim (to use their own words) at the establishment of a reign of universal harmony, forgetting that, in order to do this, they must reconstruct human nature. Sin and misery will and must enter into these societies, their attempt is vain, not to say presumptuous. Their intentions are good, but they will be futile. In the world, as it is, there is full scope for the exercise of universal charity in all its branches. Our Saviour founded no new system. In the world as He found it, He ordered us to exercise every virtue, and in proportion to the exercise of our charity do the ills of life disappear.

As under the raging elements vegetation pur-

sues its silent course, and the revolutions of the seasons are complete, though often apparently interrupted; as the ocean has its limits from which it cannot pass; as the sun enlightens the world, though its rays are often intercepted; so all must be subject to the laws of God, and to the decrees by which He governs the universe. Were all to fulfil the duties of their respective stations, were the rich to use their wealth as a loan of which they must render an account, were the poor uniformly contented and industrious, and all classes vied with each other in the pursuit of everything that is good, were nations and families regulated by that spirit which is "the bond of peace," then, indeed, would be a reign of universal harmony. There would be no selfishness, no oppression, all would be happy, and our earth, instead of being covered with sin and misery, as it now is, would be converted into a terrestrial paradise. But such an object is unattainable, *because* human nature is imperfect,—and it is in the alleviation of the evils which this state of imperfection has entailed upon mankind that God has ordained that virtue should consist. In the exercise of charity, our chief aim should be, not so much the entire prevention of suffering, for this is the common lot, but its ame-

loration, and the direction of the impulses of the heart into their right channel, in order that the sufferer, chastened by sorrow, might turn his heart to God, and make a just appreciation of every event of his life, as having a reference to the eternal state for which he was created. Such is the signification of true charity, and such is the cause why we almost invariably see an attempt made, though often a very imperfect one, to connect religion and the bestowing of charity together. To effect the amendment, physical and moral, of the individuals composing the suffering classes of the community, is the avowed object of all charitable institutions, as well as of those appointed for purposes of punishment and correction; but, to accomplish these ends, Religion must lend her helping hand, and that charity of which St. Paul says that, "though he should give all his goods to feed the poor, and should deliver his body to be burned, and have it not, it profiteth him nothing."\*

Of the beneficial results which would follow the more general application of such a principle, some idea may be formed by glancing at the happy effects it is producing wherever it is exercised.

\* 1 Cor. xiii. 3.



Of its necessity there can be no doubt, if we will only give ourselves the trouble of looking a little closely into the details of a few of the institutions in our own and other countries. Let us, in retrospection, visit the hospitals, the bed-sides of the sick and the dying,—the attendance is of the highest order, the king in his palace, and the beggar in the hospital, are frequently attended by the same physician; all that science has achieved is applied to every form of disease with which mankind can be visited; in most of them, too, cleanliness and ventilation are strictly enforced, and support, according to the necessities of each, is liberally bestowed. There are no charities in which the bodily comforts of the inmates are better attended to,—but here we stop,—the sick man struggles on his dying bed in all the horrors of an awakened conscience, on the brink of an awful eternity, from which he sees no escape. It is a picture too dreadful to contemplate! Others are in that apathetic state in which little fear is felt, these are individuals of which so many exist, who, without being actually wicked in the worldly acceptation of the term, are yet so habitually irreligious, that they know not how to think upon the subject; insensible to right or wrong, except

in so far as they may have incurred the praise or censure of the world; depending on the mercy of God, they have lulled themselves into a quiescent state of security. These are, perhaps, the most painful objects which come before us in the review we are taking of the various classes of sufferers, who, side by side, bed by bed, are, some dying, some recovering, others balancing between life and death, but all undergoing a portion of that ordeal which falls to the lot of each, and the fire in which all must be tried. How we long to arouse the stupid soul to a sense of its danger! He hears the summons of death unmoved, a strange insensibility is over him, he has hardly ever prayed in his life, he knows not the necessity of it. We will not stop to analyze the state of his mind. It is a fact that many such have passed out of this world. But there is another class much to be pitied by us here, though by no means the least cheering to contemplate; I mean those who have all their lives had some sense of religion, and whose souls, now "trembling, hoping, lingering, flying," on the threshold of eternity, dread to enter the infinite space; in earnest prayer, having a trust in God's goodness, but ignorant of those consolations, and the grounds of their belief, which

might have given them good courage, and made their departure joyful; but God is good, and according to the strength with which they have clung to what was to them but a wavering reed, so we hope will be their reward hereafter. Oh! to how many states and degrees of mental suffering might we revert! Each suffers in his own way, and in drawing such a picture we should be able to read the intense workings of the overcharged mind of each individual. It is not that they cannot command the attendance of any spiritual instructor they may desire, and many do so, but it is to be feared that the greater number have been so little in the habit of having recourse to religion during their lives, and are so unconscious of the consolations to be derived from it, that, when death approaches, they make no effort to procure a blessing of which they have hardly ever experienced the benefit. But does it not become our duty to place before them the boon for which they ask not themselves? Is it not right that, at such a time, when the conscience is so tender, the opportunity should be seized of making a good impression on the mind? May we not connect the works of corporal and spiritual mercy together, and, while we are relieving the body, pour a

healing balm into the soul ? This good work has been and is accomplished in many establishments on the continent, by those who, having renounced the world, have made it the business of their lives to attend upon and instruct the desolate and the afflicted.

In all the hospitals in Paris the attendance upon the patients is superintended by religious ladies, who have under their direction a number of persons, in proportion to the wants of the hospital, many of whom have also gratuitously offered their services in so good a work ; one of these Sisters attends in each ward all night. In the Hospital of the Hôtel-Dieu, thirty-two religious ladies of the Order of St. Augustin, and twelve novices, are in constant attendance upon the sick ; they have under them ninety-two nurses, male and female.

A Protestant traveller, Dr. Granville, draws a beautiful picture of the good effects resulting from the attendance of these self-devoted friends of humanity in the hospital at Munich. He says, " There are in this vast edifice (the interior of which is a true model of perfection as to accommodation, ventilation, cleanliness, and good order) fifty *salles*, or wards, in which male and female patients are admitted gratuitously, provided they

be civilians, and not afflicted with incurable disorders. In addition to these, there are fifty others, especially devoted to the accommodation of patients, who pay from half a florin (tenpence) to one florin and a half a day, according to the kind of diet they may require. Many of the patients have a private room to themselves individually. The attendance on the patients is performed by an order of *religieuses*, similar to those found in the French hospitals, under the name of Sisters of Charity. Here they are called *les sœurs grises*. Abolished some years before, they were re-established at the suggestion of Dr. Von Ringseis, one of the physicians of the hospital. In the company of this gentleman I examined every part of the establishment, having for that purpose attended as early as seven o'clock, that I might go round the wards with him during his visit. Dr. Ringseis very justly attributes to the zeal and assiduity of these exemplary nurses, whose meek air and quiet demeanour attract the attention of the stranger as much as their picturesque costume, the almost indescribable degree of excellency which exists in all the domestic and other arrangements of the hospital. I can freely say that I never beheld anywhere else an institu-

tion of the same kind equal to it in those respects. The average number of yearly admissions amounts to six thousand. In the summer there are above four hundred, and in the winter five, and often six, hundred patients in the hospital at one time, the daily cost of each of which, including every possible expenditure, does not exceed thirty-six kreutzers (one shilling).

\* \* \* \* \*

“ As we were preparing to quit this abode of desolation, grief, and bodily pain, lying on soft, clean, and white beds, and attended by young, and many of them angelic-looking, nurses, in a monastic garb, we passed one of these latter, who stood with her hands crossed upon her breast, and had stopped to allow the physician and his pupils to go by. Her fine pale face and soft eyes were quickly lowered to the ground, like those in one of Carlo Dolce's Madonnas, and she only raised them in acknowledgment of a morning salutation from the doctor. What a volume of feelings I read in an instant, in the quick passing glances she directed towards us! ‘*Excellente personne!*’ exclaimed Mein Herr Von Ringseis, as we left her behind. ‘*Excellente!—angelique! C'est une sainte yraiment.*’ I fastened my eyes upon her

figure, as she turned to follow her sacred office, and quitted us. Her very movements bespoke her origin and her condition. Born to luxury, to the advantages of noble blood, to the enjoyments of an earthly paradise, she had left them all, to follow the self-denying, the humble calling of a Sister of Charity, that she might do good here, and deserve better hereafter."

Such motives, indeed, not only sanctify the action, but must ensure the success of the objects of the institution, by ameliorating both the bodily and mental sufferings of the patients, and thus fulfil the true end of charity. The chief good effected, however, by these Sisters is *unseen*; it is theirs to offer consolation to the afflicted soul, to calm the terrors of the dying, to hold before them the bright vision of hope; to awaken the insensible to a sense of their danger, often to teach the ignorant, who, on their dying bed, have little knowledge of religion; to support the spirits of the timid Christian; to encourage those who have a prospect of recovery to pursue the good resolutions they may have formed, with their assistance, on a bed of sickness. These good offices live only to Heaven, and are like the perfume of

aromatic herbs, whose fragrance, though invisible, pervades the atmosphere around.

There is one circumstance (apparently trivial) in accordance with the principle we advocate—viz., that a religious spirit should be the pervading principle in all institutions devoted to the relief of the suffering portion of our fellow-creatures, in the fact that in the Hôtel-Dieu, at Paris, and it probably is the case in many other places besides, the names of every different part of the building have some religious association connected with them. It was founded by St. Landry, Bishop of Paris, in A.D. 660. Situated in *La Place Notre Dame*, on each side of the entrance are statues of St. Vincent-De-Paule, and Montyon, both benefactors of the hospital. All its wards are distinguished by the name of a saint,—thus, la salle St. Charles, la salle St. Antoine, St. Côme, St. Jeanne, &c. &c. There are also la galérie St. Charles, les terrasses St. Marthe, St. Antoine, &c. &c. At one extremity of a garden belonging to the hospital is l'église Julien-le-Pauvre, which serves as a chapel for those who are able to attend it. How little is such an accommodation thought of amongst us!

We have visited the hospitals. Shall we now



visit another class of sufferers which abound unseen around us? In every town gaol, in every house of correction, poor creatures are dragging out a miserable existence; they are separated only from us by the gaol wall; we are gay and laughing as we pass. Could we penetrate the gloom of these cells, and behold the objects confined there, what spectacles of woe would present themselves! Let us not harden our hearts by saying they have deserved it. We cannot judge of that, perhaps many of them have, and probably several have been convicted of the blackest crimes; but God alone judges the heart. Trace the life of each individual, and you will find many have been brought up in ignorance, unconscious of right or wrong, till taught by the arm of the law, and now having no definite idea of their duty except that enforced by the law, who have freely indulged in crimes against God and against society, and been unpunished, but are now required to pay the penalty of their ignorance! What an awful responsibility such reflections entail upon us, to whom God has entrusted the care of our poorer brethren! All, according to their wealth and station, ought to consider themselves bound to contribute a portion of their riches, their labour, or their time, in alleviating the sufferings

of their fellow-creatures. On the fulfilment of these duties depends their entrance into Heaven. How few can say they have done this to the utmost of their power! If they had, such doleful scenes as we shall shortly describe would not exist; so much ignorance, which is the most fruitful parent of crime, would not prevail; so much poverty would not be to be found. At our hands will be required the souls of our poorer brethren, if we have not exerted ourselves to the utmost of our power to relieve and instruct them. Such is the *Catholic*, the *universal charity* Christianity inculcates, the relieving distress wherever it is to be found, the prevention of it to the best of our ability. Such duties come more or less within the range of every one, and the practice of them would be much more likely to ensure the happiness of our fellow-beings, and tend much more towards the promotion of "*universal harmony*" than M. Rousseau's plan of converting distinct portions of the world into separate Edens, where sin and misery, being forbidden by him to enter, the exercise of the virtue of charity would become unnecessary.

"Mother, when I was in the potato bury I found my blood run cold. My hair stood on end on my head. I pulled off my cap, and kneeled upon it.

I think that caused me my death. The starvation of the prison that I suffered, mother, no tongue can tell." This simple tale of misery, this vivid picture of wretchedness, is at this time present to every one. Few can have forgotten the testimony of the poor mother given at the inquest held last November, 1842, on the body of her son, Charles Beale, twenty-three years of age, who had died of the starvation and cruelty he suffered in the North-leach House of Correction. Investigation into the treatment of the prisoners, both there and in the other gaols in Gloucestershire, was immediately instituted by Government;—but the Report of the Inspector of Prisons, which has been just published, and extracts from which have frequently appeared lately in the newspapers, gives little reason to hope that the wants of the inmates of prisons, whether as respects their mental or bodily necessities, are much attended to. Under the head of *Houses of Correction*, particularly, whose very name implies the purposes for which we are to suppose they were intended, we have the most appalling evidence that the conduct pursued towards the unhappy offenders confined there, often guilty of no crime but vagrancy, is of such a nature as often to harden the only half corrupted

heart, and drive the poor victim on into a more determined course of vice.

“ Ignorance punished, and never taught,” is the exclamation of Dickens in some part of those writings in which he brings us in such close contact with the objects he is describing, and makes us almost participate in their sufferings. We will now give, in his own words, a description of “ The Tombs ” in New York, because, unfortunately, the picture in some respects bears too great a resemblance to that which is to be met with very generally in the prisons in England. “ The City Watch-house,” we fear, is hardly an exaggeration of our own, if we may judge by the inspector’s reports we have referred to.

#### THE TOMBS.

What is this dismal-fronted pile of bastard Egyptian, like an enchanter’s palace in a melo-drama !—a famous prison, called The Tombs. Shall we go in ?

So. A long narrow lofty building, stove-heated as usual, with four galleries, one above the other, going round it, and communicating by stairs. Between the two sides of each gallery, and in its centre, a bridge, for the greater convenience of crossing. On each of these bridges sits a man : dozing or reading, or talking to an idle companion. On each tier are two opposite rows of small iron doors. They look like furnace doors, but are cold and black, as though the fires within had all gone out. Some two or three are open, and women, with drooping heads bent down, are talking to the inmates. The whole is lighted by a

skylight, but it is fast closed; and from the roof there dangle, limp and drooping, two useless windsails.

A man with keys appears, to show us round. A good-looking fellow, and, in his way, civil and obliging.

"Are those black doors the cells?"

"Yes."

"Are they all full?"

"Well, they're pretty nigh full, and that's a fact, and no two ways about it."

"Those at the bottom are unwholesome, surely."

"Why, we *do* only put coloured people in 'em. That's the truth."

"When do the prisoners take exercise?"

"Well, they do without it pretty much."

"Do they never walk in the yard?"

"Considerable seldom."

"Sometimes, I suppose?"

"Well, it's rare they do. They keep pretty bright without it."

"But suppose a man were here for a twelvemonth. I know this is only a prison for criminals who are charged with grave offences, while they are awaiting their trial, or are under remand, but the law here affords criminals many means of delay. What with motions for new trial, and in arrest of judgment, and what not, a prisoner might be here for twelve months, I take it, might he not?"

"Well, I guess he might."

"Do you mean to say that in all that time he would never come out at that little iron door, for exercise?"

"He might walk some, perhaps—not much."

"Will you open one of the doors?"

"All, if you like."

The fastenings jar and rattle, and one of the doors turns slowly on its hinges. Let us look in. A small bare cell, into which the light enters through a high chink in the wall. There is a rude means of washing, a table, and a bedstead. Upon the latter, sits a man of sixty; reading. He looks up for a moment; gives

an impatient dogged shake ; and fixes his eyes upon his book again. As we withdraw our heads, the door closes on him, and is fastened as before. This man has murdered his wife, and will probably be hanged.

“How long has he been here?”

“A month.”

“When will he be tried?”

“Next term.”

“When is that?”

“Next month.”

“In England, if a man be under sentence of death, even, he has air and exercise at certain periods of the day.”

“Possible?”

With what stupendous and untranslatable coolness he says this, and how loungingly he leads on to the women’s side, making, as he goes, a kind of iron castanet of the key and the stair-rail!

Each cell door on this side has a square aperture in it. Some of the women peep anxiously through it at the sound of footsteps ; others shrink away in shame.—For what offence can that lonely child, of ten or twelve years old, be shut up here? Oh! that boy? He is the son of the prisoner we saw just now; is a witness against his father; and is detained here for safe-keeping, until the trial: that’s all.

But it is a dreadful place for the child to pass the long days and nights in. This is rather hard treatment for a young witness, is it not?—What says our conductor?

“Well, it an’t a very rowdy life, and *that’s* a fact!”

Again he clinks his metal castanet, and leads us leisurely away. I have a question to ask him as we go.

“Pray, why do they call this place The Tombs?”

“Well, it’s the cant name.”

“I know it is. Why?”

“Some suicides happened here, when it was first built. I expect it come about from that.”

“I saw just now, that that man’s clothes were scattered about

the floor of his cell. Don't you oblige the prisoners to be orderly, and put such things away?"

"Where should they put 'em?"

"Not on the ground, surely. What do you say to hanging them up?"

He stops, and looks round to emphasize his answer:

"Why, I say that's just it. When they had hooks they *would* hang themselves, so they're taken out of every cell, and there's only the marks left where they used to be!"

The prison-yard in which he pauses now has been the scene of terrible performances. Into this narrow, grave-like place, men are brought out to die. The wretched creature stands beneath the gibbet on the ground; the rope about his neck; and when the sign is given, a weight at its other end comes running down, and swings him up into the air—a corpse.

The law requires that there be present at this dismal spectacle, the judge, the jury, and citizens to the amount of twenty-five. From the community it is hidden. To the dissolute and bad, the thing remains a frightful mystery. Between the criminal and them, the prison-wall is interposed as a thick gloomy veil. It is the curtain to his bed of death, his winding-sheet, and grave. From him it shuts out life, and all the motives to unrepenting hardihood in that last hour, which its mere sight and presence is often all-sufficient to sustain. There are no bold eyes to make him bold; no ruffians to uphold a ruffian's name before. All beyond the pitiless stone wall is unknown space.

### THE CITY WATCH-HOUSE.

What! do you thrust your common offenders against the police discipline of the town into such holes as these? Do men and women, against whom no crime is proved, lie here all night in perfect darkness, surrounded by the noisome vapours which encircle that flagging lamp you light us with, and breathing this filthy and offensive stench! Why, such indecent and disgusting dungeons as these cells would bring disgrace upon the most

despotic empire in the world ! Look at them, man—you, who see them every night, and keep the keys. Do you see what they are ? Do you know how drains are made below the streets, and wherein these human sewers differ, except in being always stagnant ?

Well, he don't know. He has had five-and-twenty young women locked up in this very cell at one time, and you'd hardly realise what handsome faces there were among 'em.

In God's name ! shut the door upon the wretched creature who is in it now, and put its screen before a place, quite unsurpassed in all the vice, neglect, and devilry, of the worst old town in Europe.

Are people really left all night, untried in those black sties ?—Every night. The watch is set at seven in the evening. The magistrate opens his court at five in the morning. That is the earliest hour at which the first prisoner can be released ; and if an officer appears against him, he is not taken out till nine o'clock or ten. But if any one among them die in the interval, as one man did not long ago ? Then he is half-eaten by the rats in an hour's time, as that man was ; and there an end.

So much for the "Tombs" and "City Watch-house" of New York. We will return to our own country, whose Government provides so liberally for the instruction and maintenance of the people, whose private charities are so unbounded, and which yet groans under the sufferings and crimes attendant upon the poverty and ignorance of so many millions of her children.\*

The gaol at Derby is described as being half a

\* It has been lately ascertained that every thirteenth individual in the population is a pauper, and receives parish relief.



fortification, enclosed by a wall twenty-five feet high. The cells in the basement are dark; sleeping cells, six feet by eight, twelve feet high. A pound and a half of bread per day, a quart of gruel at breakfast and supper, and a pound of boiled potatoes for dinner; to those who have been confined three months, an addition of two ounces of onions. In the two years previously to 1828, five prisoners had attempted to hang themselves, in which one had succeeded; within the last year there have been two cases of self-destruction. The *untried* confined to bread and water if they refuse to work,—strict silence. In case of an acquittal, they are allowed no portion of their earnings if they have worked,—exercise insufficient; no light whatever allowed in the cells, even in winter, consequently in total darkness from four in the afternoon till eight in the morning. Many of them, having been committed for the assizes, have to remain long periods before their trials. On the day of the present inspection, seventeen prisoners were found receiving meat by order of the surgeon, which the inspector states as being, in his opinion, beyond the duties of his office, and recommends the diet should be strictly adhered to, and never

departed from but in the rare cases of urgent necessity.

In the gaol in Lincoln, the cells have no fire-places, some of them have only unglazed apertures to admit the light, which are closed by shutters at night. The Report of the Inspector, in 1838, describes the gaol as so indifferent, *that its inmates must leave it morally worse than they were when they entered.* Nothing having been done towards its improvement since that period, he has made a special report of its state to Government. In this gaol, also, the dietary system incurs much condemnation, being, even when plentiful, of such a nature as, combined with the smallness of space, want of ventilation, damp, &c., such as to injure the health of the prisoners.

In the houses of correction in various other towns in Lincolnshire, the dietary is also stated to be insufficient. At Kirton, in Lindsay, especially, the condition of the numerous vagrants on the day of inspection was quite deplorable. They were crowded together, some diseased, and without employment. In the House of Correction at Lowth, there had been a considerable number of cases of low fever, principally among the vagrants,

which was attributed by the surgeon to the crowded state of the prison. In that at Spilsby, the cells for the prisoners are less even than at Derby, being six feet three inches by eight feet eight inches high; some of them are likewise damp. Prisoners sentenced to solitary confinement by order of court are fed on bread and water. This penal infliction may be of a month's duration, and is seldom less than a fortnight. There is generally a marked alteration in the minds of the prisoners within a fortnight. In Folkingham House of Correction there have been several attempts at suicide made by prisoners sentenced to solitary confinement. This punishment is also frequently inflicted even on *untried* prisoners for such trifling faults as talking to each other, laughing, quarrelling, &c.

The descriptions given of the dreadful lock-ups at Sheffield, in which men are left to pass the night, and, it may be, the week, without having room either to sit up or lie down,—the pitiable condition, from dirt and loathsome disease, of the vagrants confined in the different gaols of the county of Norfolk, at Norwich, Swaffham, and Walsingham,—the occasional cases of scurvy which still break out in the gaol at Beccles,—the tortures of lingering death from debility and starvation,

which have recently been inflicted on various prisoners in the houses of correction and prisons in Gloucestershire,—the unmerited hardships endured by that class whose only crime is very often that of poverty, debtors,—the severe punishments inflicted for the most trivial offences upon poor, half-starved creatures, committed, probably, only on charges of vagrancy,—all show the defectiveness of prison discipline in those parts of England to which this report refers ; but it is much to be feared that the same condemnation, to a greater or lesser degree, may be applied to the prisons generally. But to what do these reflections tend ? To what purpose should such an appalling picture of the sufferings of so numerous a class of our fellow-beings be drawn ? *Because they are true*,—it is the actual statement of those employed to report on the state of the prisons ; the picture is not worked up to satisfy the morbid sensibility of those who love to indulge in the *romance* of suffering,—these things are not mentioned merely to excite “the luxury of tears,”—not solely to solicit the gold of the rich. It is a true and faithful representation, dark, indeed, dismal, and frightful, of the deprivations and anguish endured by so large a portion of our fellow-creatures, our

brethren, our equals before God ! If the poor patients in the quiet and comfortable wards of the hospitals require instruction, and the constant presence of those whose business it is to administer the consolations of religion is found to calm the spirits of the sufferers, and smooth their passage to eternity, how much more necessary does it become in those abodes of punishment where the wicked associate together,—where the solitary, in his cell, broods darkly over scenes that are past, or meditates new crimes for the future,—where the juvenile offender is confounded with the man grown grey in a course of vice,—where the *unfortunate*, rather than the *offending*, man is often immured for life !

It is obvious that an improvement in prison discipline must soon take place, its necessity is now become too public to remain long unheeded.\* But when the bodily sufferings of the prisoners shall have been in some degree alleviated, and a remedy provided for the many privations they are now exposed to, where will be the vigilant watching, the unceasing superintendence over their

\* The remainder of "The Report," which has appeared since the above was written, contains equally painful particulars concerning the gaols in the midland and western counties in England, and likewise in several of the Welch counties.

mental wants, which can alone effect the principal object for which punishment has been inflicted—viz., the correction of the offender? It is most probable that the greater number of those who are suffering for their crimes would have pursued a very different course of life had they been early instructed in virtue, and would do so still, was the path to it pointed out to them. Those especially who have only begun a life of profligacy, who have erred more through ignorance than depravity, ought to be instructed in their duty; those who are incarcerated through misfortune, rather than crime, should be comforted in their sorrows, and taught to make a right use of their sufferings; the hardened should be separated from the less vicious, and *all* should meet with kindness, for few are willing to learn virtue from a hard task-master. All this, however, can only be effected by the aid of religion; the powers of darkness can only be overcome by the spirit of Christianity. Rules and regulations, laid down and enforced by the law, have too much the appearance of coercion to effect much good. The admiration and the love of virtue must first be produced in the heart of the sinner before he will form the wish of becoming virtuous himself. The most perfect disinterestedness of

character and entire self-devotion to the conversion of souls must be apparent in the conduct of those whose province it is to instruct him before he will appreciate the lessons of virtue they inculcate. Many of the offenders against public justice know of virtue only as a name, and perhaps hardly believe in its existence. They have become so habitually corrupted themselves, that they look with mistrust on the appearance of virtue in others, imagining it to be only made use of to conceal some sinister and selfish purpose. It is only by constantly associating with the good that they can at last become convinced of their mistake. But how is this to be effected? In the dungeon of the prison-house, the unfortunate criminal is frequently left to brood alone over his punishment, which he regards only in the light of an act of vengeance; or, in the companionship of those who are as wicked or worse than himself, he becomes still more initiated in vice. Who is there so zealously anxious for the salvation of their souls as willingly to brave the polluted atmosphere which they too often breathe; to share with them the cold, dark, and damp cell; to come in close contact with their diseased and emaciated forms; to listen to the ravings of their despair; to hear

their horrid blasphemy, patiently to bear with their waywardness, to see them when, in company together, exulting over the deeds of darkness in which they have been engaged, and vying with each other in the relation of tales of wickedness? Who is there who would willingly and constantly expose himself to living among such scenes as these, and, for the sake of rescuing the most despised and rejected of his fellow-beings from perdition, make choice of them for his associates and companions for life? Yes, there are those to be found who, in imitation of our blessed Saviour, who came "not to call the just but the sinner to repentance," are contented to sit down with the offcasts of society, with those who bear the stigma of the reproach of the laws of their country, who are branded as unworthy to associate with their fellow-men, and some of whom are condemned to expiate their offences with their lives. Oh! how much do those need the consolations of religion!—and to them are the promises of the Gospel held out as much as to those who have not fallen to the extent of their unfortunate, and probably less instructed, brethren. In the bosom of the Catholic Church there are those to be found who, having cast off all other connection with the world, have



consecrated themselves to the glorious, the hallowed work of converting these souls to God. In the following letter, written by the Superior of the Society of St. Joseph to a person who desired to join their order, are to be found embodied the sentiments which animate these holy men, and have caused them to devote all the energies of their minds and bodies not only to the reclaiming the most depraved of their fellow-creatures, who have been already sentenced to punishment by the tribunals of their country, but to the seeking out and saving from destruction those amongst the young who, in consequence of a bad or neglected education, are hurrying forward in a course of vice which would, sooner or later, lead them to prison, and perhaps to death.

Surely to these self-devoted friends of humanity may be applied the words of their Saviour, "I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me." May their reward be such as is promised to such faithful servants,—“Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!”

In the translation of the letter, the retaining of the spirit of the original has been the only object aimed at, which may account for the style being occasionally somewhat *un-English*.

Society of St. Joseph, Oullins, near Lyons,  
Department of the Rhine,  
Dec. 2, 1841.

SIR,—On receiving your letter I thanked God for having suggested to you so good a thought. In compliance with your wish, I have received information from —, than which nothing can be more flattering to yourself and your family. I hasten to make you acquainted with, and give you, a little insight into the work of St. Joseph.

The principal objects of the society are the reformation of prisoners, and the forming of houses of refuge for young boys. The brothers of St. Joseph are employed in the prisons in attending to the spiritual and corporal wants of its inmates. A brother of St. Joseph must be possessed of solid piety, firmness of character, tempered with Christian meekness, perfect disinterestedness, and an ardent zeal for the salvation of souls. I do not dwell on the duties of the brothers in the prisons, for you know enough of the good that may be done by men devoted to the glory of our Divine Master; but I shall describe the religious establishment at Oullins, which is a house of refuge for young boys; the most headstrong, the most depraved, and those who are the greatest pests of society, are principally sought for; they must not only be exposed to temptation, but must be positively bad. We treat them with kindness, and endeavour to make them feel the happiness resulting from a life of virtue. The effects of the grace of God in the hearts of many of them is astonishing, and is apparent in the amendment of their lives, while of others we entertain great hopes. The lives of these dear children of God are divided between religious exercises and diligent labour; several different modes of industry are practised in the house; some are employed as carpenters, some as shoemakers, tailors, &c., others are employed in farming, others in the manufacture of silk. The brothers attend in the workshops to superintend and direct the work. The brothers who are devoted to the work of St. Joseph must consecrate themselves by special promises, and by the most unlimited devotedness to

effect the moral reformation of the children in the houses of St. Joseph, or that of the prisoners in those prisons to which they may be sent by their Superior; they must also conform to the diet of the community, which is simple and frugal. Already there are brothers in many of the prisons in France, and their success has been so general and so great that we cannot supply the demands continually made to us by the authorities. Let us hope that by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin that her Divine Son may look down with approbation upon a work so well calculated to make war with the great enemy of mankind, and that in a few years a great many more of the prisons will enjoy the advantages of the presence of the brothers of St. Joseph.

If, after these observations, you make up your mind to make one of our number, we shall receive you most gladly. Come full of confidence in God, and accept, with my good wishes, the respect with which

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your very devoted servant in N. S. J. Ch.,

REZ.

**SKETCH OF THE ESTABLISHMENT AT  
ANGERS FOR THE RECEPTION  
OF PENITENT FEMALES.**



## Sketch of the Establishment at Angers FOR THE RECEPTION OF PENITENT FEMALES.

---

The religious ladies of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd are called by this name because they make a special vow, in addition to those which are always made at the profession of nuns, that they will devote themselves to the conversion of females who have strayed from the path of virtue.

This institute is a monastic order, approved of by Our Holy Father Pope Alexander VII., in 1666, by Pope Benedict XIV., in 1741, and lastly, by Pope Gregory XVI., by a decree and solemn brief, dated the 3rd of April, 1835, nominating *La Supérieure* at Angers *Supérieure Générale* of the whole congregation.

The religious ladies who are admitted into this order must have led perfectly irreproachable lives. This rule is particularly attended to, in order to preserve the reputation of the order, and to make

it more efficacious. Many young persons of rank and fortune have joined the community, and have devoted not only themselves but their property to the good work of rescuing their erring fellow-creatures from a sinful life.

Although the restoration of this society, as is stated in the Preface, only took place thirteen years ago, and received the solemn sanction of the present Pontiff in 1835, the parent establishment at Angers already numbers twenty-eight branches—viz., at Poitiers and Grenoble, both founded in 1833; at Mentz, Saumur, and Nancy, in 1835; at Amiens and Lisle, in 1836; at Le Pay, Strasbourg, Sens, Reims, and Arles, in 1837; at Rome and Bourg-en-Bresse, in 1838; at Chamberg, Perpignan, Bouges, Nice, Avignon, Macon, and Mons, in 1839; at Namur and Munich, in 1840; in London and in Paris, in 1841; and at St. Angoulême, and two in America, in 1842.

The establishment at Angers contains at present between five and six hundred persons; of these, sixty are professed nuns, forty of whom are choir sisters, and twenty lay sisters; from a hundred to a hundred and twenty novices; one hundred and twenty penitents, and one hundred and twenty young females, who, having been convicted of

petty delinquencies, have been placed there by the magistrates, in preference to sending them to learn vice and immorality in the prisons. These are quite distinct from the class before mentioned, which is composed of young women, who, having unfortunately fallen into error, or been leading disreputable and depraved lives, have sought for an opportunity of repentance in this asylum, and are distinguished by the name of voluntary penitents.

There is also a class consisting of the children of respectable parents, who pay a small sum for their maintenance; they receive a plain education, suitable to their station. There are about eighty of these children, from three to eighteen years of age; they have no communication whatever with the other classes, not even at chapel, each class having a distinct portion of it allotted to them.

There is also a religious order among the penitents, called Magdalens, consisting of about forty, thirty of whom are professed, and the rest novices.

These classes all occupy different parts of the building, which are entirely separated from each other. They never associate together, not even at recreation. Each class is under the immediate superintendence of a certain number of nuns, who



have no control over the penitents in the other classes, and are not permitted even to address them ; neither are the penitents allowed to speak to any of the religious ladies, except those who are the mistresses of their own class.

Those of the penitents who have led immoral and abandoned lives are separated from those who have been less vitiated, and who compose a class, more properly called, of preservation.

All the linen, calico, white and brown serge, &c., for the dresses of the nuns and the penitents, are manufactured by the lay sisters ; seven of them are constantly employed in shoemaking, others in weaving stockings, and eight are constantly employed in the care of the grounds and enclosures, and in the culture of the kitchen garden, which supplies the whole house with vegetables.

The nuns rise at five o'clock ; at half-past five they repair to the chapel, where they remain in meditation for one hour. Mass is generally celebrated at seven or eight o'clock ; afterwards they breakfast, and are again engaged at their devotions till eleven, at which hour they dine, and then all meet for recreation till one, which is followed by silence and reading till half-past two. Vespers at three ; tea at half-past three,

when they all meet again for one hour, after which they resume their devotions; supper at six o'clock. During all their meals one of the number reads aloud to the rest. At half-past six, recreation begins again, and lasts till eight o'clock, which is followed by reading, then strict silence for half an hour, after which they remain in meditation and prayer till half-past nine, and every one is expected to be in bed by ten o'clock. During the religious exercises of the community, those nuns whose province it is to be with the penitents perform their devotions in private. On a penitent being received into the house, she is conducted by the *Supérieure* and the mistress of the class in which she is to be placed into the chapel, where she is instructed to kneel down, and, after praying for some time, and recommending her to the mercies of God, she is exhorted to make a good use of the time she is to spend in the asylum, and, forgetting the world as much as possible, to think only of the goodness of God, in having brought her to repentance. She is then clothed in the uniform of the penitents, which is a coarse dress of either black or brown stuff, and a plain white cap. A name is given her which she is to bear during her stay in the Asylum; this is done in

order to preserve her reputation when she returns to the world, especially in those cases where her errors have been unsuspected. She is then placed in the class, where she is expected to be obedient, and conform to the rules of the establishment. Their admission into the Asylum must have been previously approved of and decided upon by the Director of the Convent, who, having made himself acquainted with their history and dispositions, decides upon the class to which they ought to belong, and the length of the time they are to remain in the Asylum. Upon their dismissal they are given in charge to their parents or friends, or, if destitute of these, they are suitably provided for in situations according to their station, and their own clothes, which have been carefully preserved, and labelled with their own name, are delivered up to them.

During their stay in the Asylum they are generally employed in needlework, the earnings for which, together with the donations of the charitable, contribute towards their support. Some of them are employed as servants in the establishment.

When they are ill, they are attended to by the doctor and a nurse in the house, and are never

sent to the hospital except in cases of dangerous or incurable diseases.

There are generally five nuns who preside over each class; one or more of them are constantly in attendance upon the penitents. On the mistress of the class devolves the particular charge and responsibility of each penitent; to her they have recourse in all their difficulties, she watches over them, takes advantage of any good dispositions she may perceive in them to encourage them in their good resolutions, instructs them in their duty, fortifies them in temptation, and consoles them in their sorrows. The first mistress remains with them the first half of the day, and sleeps in an apartment near them at night. The second mistress remains with them the second part of the day, and has the charge of instructing them in their catechism, &c.; another has the superintendence of their work. The fourth nun takes the place of either of the two last-mentioned in case of illness, or being otherwise prevented from attending to their duties; the fifth acts as nurse to those who are sick, and has the charge of their clothes, linen, &c.

The penitents rise at half-past five in summer, and at six in winter. Prayers begin in the class

.

half an hour afterwards, when they must be all assembled, after which catechism. Breakfast at half-past seven, work till nine, when a hymn is sung, which is followed by silence for an hour, then the mistress of the class reads the Litany of the Holy Name of Jesus, and other acts of devotion, till dinner, which is at half-past eleven. Recreation for half an hour in the garden, and working occupies the time till half-past one; after singing some hymns, silence again begins, followed by religious instruction and reading; each of the penitents is then obliged to relate as much as she remembers of what has been read to them. Tea at four o'clock, after which the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is sung. They then resume their work, and from five till seven, which is their hour for supper, their time is occupied in singing the *Salve Regina*, the *De Profundis*, and, on Fridays and during Lent, the *Stabat Mater*, followed by the Litanies of the Passion, and in receiving religious instruction. After supper, recreation; they retire to bed at half-past eight, having previously performed their evening devotions in the chapel.

The only punishment ever inflicted upon them is silence in the class during the hours of recreation, but this is seldom resorted to, as reasoning is

generally found sufficient to convince them of their faults, and make them endeavour to correct them.

A great number have been allowed to remain in the house at their own desire; these wear a dress somewhat different from the rest, and make a promise to continue in the class, and endeavour to set a good example to their companions.

Those who have a vocation for leading a religious life are sent to the Convent of Magdalens, where they take vows, and wear the dress, and conform to the rules (somewhat mitigated) of the Carmelites. They have a *Supérieure* of the order of the Good Shepherd, they themselves being all equal, and are never suffered to exercise any control over each other.

An affecting proof of the happiness experienced by these poor girls, at finding themselves sheltered from temptation, and advancing in a path which is to lead them to virtue, was exhibited a short time ago in the Asylum established at Hammersmith, which we have already described to be a branch of the Order of the Good Shepherd at Angers.

Upon the *Supérieure* exhorting several of them who were much dejected at the recollection of their errors to make a good use of the opportunities for repentance they enjoyed, while so many, equally

anxious to find a refuge in the Asylum, were deprived of this happiness, they answered with tears,

“ Oh ! my mother, do not refuse these poor girls, who are, perhaps, like us, without a home, and without parents and friends to preserve them from misery. Oh ! my mother, do not refuse them.” It was represented to them that there was no room for any more in the house, and that there was no means of supporting them. They unanimously replied, “ Well, my mother, we will each make some sacrifices in order to receive them.” One offered to give up her bed and sleep upon the floor, another to take her rest by day. The good Sisters were affected to tears, and were nearly yielding to their own inclination of dividing their bread with these unfortunate outcasts, had not prudence suggested to them the necessity of submitting to circumstances and contenting themselves to do as much good as was practicable with their present means. It was therefore decided that all should unite in prayer to God that he would inspire charitable persons with the desire of contributing towards this good work, and, by enabling them to extend their accommodation, facilitate the reception of a large number of penitents, and the

establishment of various modes of industry by which they might in a great measure support themselves.

The most ardent desire of these good Sisters is to be able, as in the parent house at Angers, to receive such a number as may be divided into separate classes, without which the objects of the Charity can never be fully attained.

The motives which have actuated the Sisters of Charity of the Order of the Good Shepherd to join themselves to this society are contained in the following paragraph, extracted from a series of reflections recommended to their frequent meditation, and which they are expected constantly to bear in mind :—

“ Finally, it is their first principle, and the spirit and soul of their institute, that they should devote themselves, with all their heart and soul, and with the utmost care and assiduity, to co-operate with their Divine Master in the salvation of those souls which He has purchased with His blood, and by meeting with courage and constancy all the difficulties and trials they may have to encounter in the fulfilment of their vocation, for the love of Him who endured so many sufferings for the accomplish-



ment of this object, endeavour to become worthy followers of the Great and Good Shepherd of Souls, who came not to call the just but sinners to repentance."

•

**COMMEMORATION OF THE  
SAINTS.**



## Commemoration of the Saints.

---

On every hand we meet with a commemoration of the saints; not only are the churches dedicated to them, but the very streets through which we pass; the sites of the old gates, the corners, rows, and alleys (we have already spoken of the wells), nay, our very names, all remind us of former times, when the memory of the saints was venerated. Have the thousands of "*Marys*" ever considered that they owe their names to the warmth of the devotion of their ancestors to the Blessed Virgin? Have the multitudes of *Johns*, *Thomas's*, *James's*, *Andrews*, &c., reflected upon the origin of their names, and that their extremely frequent recurrence is owing to the veneration in which the memory of these apostles and saints was formerly held? Has it ever struck us that the innumerable streets, all bearing the names of saints, have their origin in the same cause?—and have the dwellers in the "abbeyes," "priories," &c., which are met

with in so many parts of the country, ever reflected that they are surrounded by relics of Catholicity? Undoubtedly they have. But have they ever looked into the index pages of the Common Prayer-book of the Church of England, and observed that there is hardly a day in the year which does not commemorate the death or martyrdom of one or more of the saints? Their calendar remains very nearly the same as ours. Habit becomes second nature, and so interwoven in the religious associations of the early reformers had become their respect for the saints, that they could not bring themselves to expunge at once all recollection of them.

The divisions of the year—Candlemas, Ladyday, Shrovetide, Whitsuntide, Martinmas, Michaelmas, &c., are all regulated by the same rule, showing that at one time a tone of religious feeling, of which but a very faint shadow remains at the present day, must have pervaded the whole community and all classes of society; because there is in the human mind a natural propensity to commemorate by some token or visible sign whatever is most interesting. We bestow upon our children the names of our dearest friends, in order that they may in some degree live over again in our recollec-

tion, and become still more dear to us by association with the past. We have pictures taken of those we best love, to be a memento of them in absence during life, and after death, should we survive them ; we prize the gifts of our friends and relatives in proportion to the regard we feel for them, and we value the names of the great and the good according to our appreciation of their merits.

Can it be denied that the saints were good, virtuous, and holy ? Why, then, should we not venerate their memory, and endeavour to follow their good example ? Is there any harm in this ? And surely, if we may pray for ourselves, and may ask our friends to pray for us, how much more efficacious before the Throne of Grace may we not believe the intercession of the saints to be for us ?

We have abundant reason for believing that they are conscious of what passes amongst us, and that there is a communion with the saints in Heaven. We believe in common with the great and the good in all ages—with the universal church. *We believe with our forefathers*, nor can we imagine that their creed originated in the errors of an unenlightened age, when we have so many proofs that in those times religion flourished and had a hold on the hearts of men, regulated their movements, and was

uppermost in their minds to a degree of which we can form only a small idea, but of which we can have no doubt so long as we are met at every step by so many mementos of their piety. Peace to their memory !

# **THE PRIE-DIEU.**





## The Prie-Dieu.

---

“ At eight we landed again, and travelled by a stage-coach for four hours through a pleasant and well-cultivated country, perfectly French in every respect,—in the appearance of the cottages, the air, language, and dress of the peasantry, the sign-boards on the shops and taverns, and the Virgin’s shrines and crosses by the wayside. \* \* \* \* \* There were Catholic Priests and Sisters of Charity in the village streets, and images of the Saviour at the corners of cross-roads, and in other public places.”  
—*Dickens’s American Notes for General Circulation*, Vol. II., p. 198 and 199.

---

When will Catholics be able to take up a book upon any topic of general literature without finding something to shock their religious feelings? Even Dickens, who has all along avoided stumbling on this rock of offence, has at last fallen into the error of other travellers. Why does he obscure his pretty little picture of the religious tokens he observed in entering a country, of which the population are generally Catholic, by talking of *images* of our Saviour? It may be unintentional on his part, for Protestants are so much in the habit of

connecting our religion with image-worship, that they cannot talk of our pictures or emblems of any kind without intimating that adoration is paid to the substance or thing itself, instead of their being, as they really are, only points of recollection, reminiscences, as it were, of holy events and holy persons, and, as such, calculated to awaken devotional feelings. This is not the only instance in which Dickens, in this work, incurs the displeasure of Catholics. The satirical tone in which he alludes to the monks of "La Trappe" is inconsistent with the fairness of judgment he has hitherto displayed. He ought to have respect to the religious opinions of others, and to men who, having no other obligations to fulfil, choose to devote themselves to the service of God rather than the world in the way most consonant with their opinions and feelings, he ought, instead of censure, at least measure out the same degree of liberality as he would to those who prefer toiling on to their long rest and eternal home through a world of difficulties and dangers, temptations and sorrows. Besides, the advantages which the monks of the order of "La Trappe" have already conferred upon society, by the reclaiming and cultivation of the waste lands upon

which they have located themselves, are not to be looked upon with contempt, more especially when we recollect that it is to the industry of such orders of men that we are indebted for the fertility of many of the choicest portions of our own country. It has been often observed, and often by Protestants in a censorious spirit, that the neighbourhood of the sites of ancient monasteries are remarkable for the richness of the soil and apparently *natural* productiveness. How far, in many instances, this may have been caused by the labour of the industrious monks many ages ago, is a question worth considering. Probably geologists would answer, that in most of them the formation of the strata beneath indicates that the surface must necessarily have been from the first favourable to vegetation; but, even granting this, it would hardly have been a subject of reproach to any other denomination of men, that they should have chosen a spot of ground to reside upon which should almost spontaneously yield an increase, especially if the vocation of their order was not such as to make agricultural industry incumbent upon them, but obliged them, on the contrary, to devote their time to the care of the poor, the instructing of youth, or the duties of a contempla-

tive life. Nevertheless, there is abundant proof that, in numerous instances, they devoted themselves to active toil and labour in cultivating the soil. We have the authority of the venerable Bede for asserting that, "of the lands bestowed upon the monks, a considerable portion was originally wild and uncultivated, surrounded by marshes, or covered with forests. They preferred such situations for the advantage of retirement and contemplation, and, as they were of less value, they were more freely bestowed by their benefactors. But every obstacle of nature and soil was subdued by the unwearied industry of the monks. The forests were cleared, the waters drained, and the waste lands reclaimed. Plentiful harvests waved on the coasts of Northumbria, and luxuriant meadows started from the fens of the Girvii."

In the *Annals of Agriculture*, 1804, is the following passage:—"The coast of Northumbria was cultivated by the monks of Coldingham, Lindisfarne, Bambrough, Tinmouth, Jarrow, Weremouth, Hartlepool, and Whitby; the marshes of the Girvii were drained and improved by the monks of Croyland, Thorney, Ely, Ramsey, and Medhamstead. This fenny region, the theatre of

monastic industry, extended the space of sixty-eight miles, from the borders of Suffolk to Wainfleet, in Lincolnshire. After the lapse of so many centuries, there is reason to fear that a very considerable part of it will be again lost to cultivation by repeated inundations. In the years 1795, 1799, and 1800, about 140,000 acres were under water. Two or three more floods," says Mr. Young, "will complete the ruin, and 300,000 acres of the richest land in Great Britain will revert to their ancient proprietors, the frogs, the coots, and the wild ducks of the region."

There are ruins still to be found of abbeys and monasteries situated in localities which are so naturally barren and unproductive, that they must have yielded only a very tardy return to the labour necessary to raise sufficient support for the community. In Holy Island or Lindisfarne, for instance, nothing can be more naturally barren or hard to reclaim than the greater part of the soil of the whole island, one half of it at least being sand banks, held together by a plentiful crop of common bent grass, and inhabited only by rabbits, and a great portion of the other part consisting of stones, cast up by the sea, which has gradually receded from the shore, and are merely covered over with

a thin coating of earth and grass. Part of the island, however, is cultivated, and bears abundantly; but still the quantity of reclaimable land is not sufficient to enable any one to lay to the charge of the religious, formerly resident on the island, that they selected the place of their retirement on account of the richness of the soil. And yet, hence was disseminated the principles of the Christian religion among the Northumbrians, not only the Northumberland of the present day, but the whole district north of the Humber, which was all included during the time of the Heptarchy, under the name of *Northanhymbras*. Hence, St. Aidan and his successors extended the blessings of Christianity over the whole of the North of England, founding the abbeys "above mentioned, and from the monastery of Aidan, the institute was rapidly diffused through the kingdoms of Bernicia and Deira, Mercia and East Anglia."\* Hence, too, St. Colman, in A.D. 676, emigrated with about thirty of the monks, and placed himself in a remote district in the west of Ireland, where he founded a monastery, and instructed the people. Here St. Cuthbert, whose miracles and

\* See Lingard's Anglo-Saxon Church.

holy life are still recognizable in the legends and deformed tales handed about among the inhabitants in its vicinity, lived, and, not content with the retirement afforded him in this asylum, chose a solitary life in one of the Ferne Islands, an almost naked and barren rock, at some distance, and there, in the strictest seclusion, endeavoured to prepare himself for the enjoyment of the consummation of his happiness, by a constant and undisturbed contemplation of the attributes of the Deity, and the wonders of redemption. And in such an occupation, who will say that, after a life spent in the active duties of teaching and instruction, which seems to have been the peculiar province of this order, he was spending his latter days in indolence? Surely the praising and blessing God, which is to constitute the happiness of the blessed in the other world, cannot be too soon begun, or too much practised in this. It is hardly to be expected that those who have had little pleasure in praising God during their life, can enter with much relish into such an employment after their death. Oh! then let us not blame those who are solicitous for spiritual enjoyment more than those who seek to draw pleasure from the pursuit of the things of this world. But this



is a digression, and one which we had not intended at the outset. We began by calling this article the Prie-Dieu, the scene to be laid in Germany; we travelled to America for the purpose of (no, not of finding fault with Dickens, but we could not help it) representing a picture of the constant remembrances of religion\* which are to be met with in a country the population of which is generally Catholic, and simply to remark, that it is much to be questioned that a higher sense of religion is to be met with in those countries where external indications of it are almost entirely discarded.

On a late occasion, while travelling in Germany, I went, accompanied by a friend, to visit some of the celebrated spas in Bohemia. We left Dresden at five o'clock in the morning; a slight mist hung over the surrounding hills, but as the day advanced, the sun, which hitherto had seemed lost in clouds, burst forth in all its splendour, and added new beauties to the already magnificent scenery which surrounded us on all sides. The road from Dresden to Toeplitz lies through thickly wooded vallies, and over high mountains, from which the

\* It will be remembered the author in this respect compares this portion of this journey—viz., that between Kingston and Montreal—to France.

views are imposing and magnificent beyond description. In the midst of this beautiful and romantic scenery, we were greatly interested by observing the frequent recurrence of that simple but impressive proof of Catholic piety, the PRIE-DIEU, at all of which were assembled groups of the peasantry, offering up their humble prayers to God. These little resting-places for the wearied traveller are fitted up as little oratories, as their expressive and unaffected name implies; they are generally covered in from the weather, and contain crucifixes, raised on slabs resembling altars. In one of them we observed a figure of the Virgin and child, most beautifully ornamented. A young person, who was praying here when we stopped, seeing how interested we were, informed us that it had been placed there by an old man, as an offering of thanksgiving for the unexpected return of his son, who, when a youth, had left his native village, and entered on a life of dissipation, but, after a lengthened absence, being made conscious of his errors, had returned to cheer and protect the few remaining years of his aged father. This, she continued, happened many years ago; the old man has been dead some time; his son frequently brings his family to this altar, and often are his

youthful errors made the subject of conversation as a warning to his children for their future conduct in life.

There was something so serene and quiet, and at the same time, we fancied, so resigned, in the manner and voice of this young person, as she related this simple story, that we judged she herself had known sorrow, although she appeared young, and, meeting with her several times during our stay at Toeplitz, we easily prevailed upon her to relate to us her own history, which, as far as I can remember, I shall repeat in her own words.

“ I was born and brought up at my father’s beautiful estate in Bohemia. Our family circle consisted of my father, mother, and an only brother, a few years older than myself. My mother was in declining health, therefore the entire management of the family devolved upon me, as well as the care of attending to the wants of my sick parent, which I fulfilled to the best of my ability, and, I have reason to believe, to the entire satisfaction of my father. My brother, instead of being obedient and dutiful to his parents, was thoughtless and inconsiderate, and was the cause of great grief and anxiety to us all. I often spoke to him of the misery his volatile life caused our

poor dying mother, but it was all of no avail, he would listen to no remonstrances, and I at last gave up all hopes of his amendment.

“My mother, finding her end approaching, wished to see me married to Count ——, to whom I had been affianced some time before. Everything was arranged for our nuptials, when a circumstance happened which blighted, as I then thought, all my hopes of future happiness. One day the Count was drawn into an argument with one of his superior officers, which terminated in a duel, in which the officer was killed, and the Count immediately took refuge in our house, feeling assured it was there only he could be safe ; and had it not been for my brother’s thoughtlessness, he would have been so, but a few evenings afterwards, being in company with some officers belonging to the same regiment as the Count, the conversation naturally turned upon the late quarrel, and many surmises were made as to where he could have concealed himself. My brother, careless of the welfare and safety of others, as he always was, and not being quite sober at the time, foolishly hinted that he knew. A relation of the deceased Major’s being in the room at the time of this conversation, instantly reported all he had heard to the General,

and the consequence was, that the next morning, to our utmost dismay, a party of soldiers was sent to search our house. Concealment was now in vain, and the unfortunate Count was delivered up to justice, tried, and shortly after imprisoned for life. My grief and misery was still more augmented by the sudden death of my dear mother, which was quickly followed by that of my father, who sank heart-broken to the grave, his death-bed embittered by the knowledge that he left me unprotected.

“ Since my father’s death I have seen my brother but once, and then he came to take leave of me before quitting his native country ; our interview was short, and, on his part, evinced but little contrition for the past. He embarked a few days after for America, and I have since heard that he there still pursues the same course of thoughtless dissipation he did here. My only hope of hearing from him again is, that he will at length see the wickedness of his present conduct, and perhaps he will then remember that he yet has a sister.

“ Since that period I have found consolation in endeavouring to alleviate the misery of my fellow-creatures, by doing them all the good that lay in my power ; and in the exercises of religion and

resignation to the will of God, enjoy perfect content and happiness."

Thus ended her recital, which interested us deeply. We had afterwards several opportunities of meeting with her, and always found her engaged on some charitable errand.

Having missed her for some time, we inquired for her on our return to Dresden, a few months afterwards, at a village near the place where we had first met her, and found that her brother had returned greatly impaired in health, and full of contrition for the trouble he had occasioned her,—that she was residing with him on his own paternal estate, administering to the wants and comforts of all within her reach, and extending, still more effectually than before, those deeds of mercy and compassion which had so long been her sole occupation, and her solace in her affliction. Still she occasionally visited the Prie-Dieu, there to be more forcibly reminded of her dependance upon God, and to think of the time when she had knelt there, forlorn and forsaken by all who were dearest to her, and to implore that the strength which had been vouchsafed to her in her hour of trial might not be withdrawn from her now in these days of

her prosperity, when her association with the world, with those moving in her own sphere of life, and generally the most gay and thoughtless of society, made her in so much more danger of becoming tepid and indifferent in religion, than when she had exclusively devoted herself to visiting those scenes of misery, those haunts of poverty and wretchedness to which no consolation but that of religion can reach, and on which no other sun but that of Heaven can shine; where the oil of joy and gladness, poured into the heart of the bereaved parent or child, brings more consolation than would the offerings of coffers of gold, and the prospect of immortality held out to the agonized and the dying, to the afflicted and the perishing, brings more comfort than could the presentation of the richest treasures this world has in its power to bestow.

But we have not yet done with the reflections produced in our minds by our frequent visits to the Prie-Dieus. The poor people, convinced we were not actuated by mere curiosity, willingly related to us their histories, and we listened to many tales of sufferings, of which we could not help feeling, had but the tenth part happened to ourselves, we should have been overwhelmed with grief and

melancholy; but we invariably found that they had found comfort in religion, and even those amongst them on whom the storms of this world had not roughly beat, were here reminded of the gratitude they owed to God, and in witnessing the struggles of the afflicted to become resigned and patient, were taught to hold themselves in readiness for their own hour of trial. There was an air of holy tranquillity pervading these little associations; the world without seemed hushed; each seemed to commune with himself alone, and we felt how blessed in their effects are those little mementos, conveying to the mind the great mystery of our redemption, sufficient of itself to quell the turbulent spirit, and to reconcile man to his lot. Who dare complain, with this before him? Who dare indulge in unholy or uncharitable thoughts before the emblem of a God of perfect charity, dying for *him*, so sinful, so ungrateful,—so much less than man as he was formed to be, the image of his Creator? Oh! how often have the meditation of crimes been thus stopped in their very beginning,—how many good resolutions have been formed before these little resting-places of the soul,—how many fervent aspirations ascended to Heaven,—how many steps



have been made to the possession of that eternal bliss for which man was alone created !

But who is that fair young girl, her hair bound tightly about her head, showing her high brow and intelligent expression of countenance ? Yet she is motionless, not even her lips move ; she seems wrapt in profound repose, but not like that of sleep ; her thoughts are of something within, she seems unconscious of the world without.—But the *Prie-Dieu* is open to all, though few remain there who come for any other purpose than that of prayer and rest, for there are not many Catholics to be found so uninstructed and so careless in religion as to be capable of indulging in unbecoming conduct in such a place as this. Her lover has followed her unobserved, and now, unknown to her, watches her from a little distance. He waited, thinking she had, perhaps, only retired there to say her morning prayers, undisturbed by the bustle of the little household at home. The female attendant she had brought with her had just dropped the last bead of her rosary, and, on turning her head, had perceived him. Impatient to get home, and thinking her young mistress had prayed long enough, she quietly announced to her his presence. He saw this little act, and that it

was unheeded. A momentary fear came over him, then almost a conviction that her heart was given to a higher object, and as he gazed on her angelic countenance, he felt she was too good for the world, too good for him, and that the wish she had expressed of devoting herself exclusively to the service of God was not the effect of a passing fit of enthusiasm, but was the fixed impulse of her heart, to which all her dispositions tended. She rose at last, her face beaming with happiness, unmarked by any other expression, unmixed with the restless vacuity of thought which characterizes the merriment produced by the pleasures of the world. Once more, however, he endeavoured to alter her resolution, but in vain. Why should she attach herself to the unsatisfying and transitory things of this world, which never had, and, she felt, never could afford her perfect and lasting peace? She had no particular duties to perform; her parents had other children to administer to their comforts. Why should she not respond to the call within, and, like those in the world, select that profession which she preferred? Her parents, we were told, had suffered the addresses of this young man, for it was a desirable connection in a temporal point of view, but they would not in-

fluence her choice, and felt assured that if she had a vocation for the cloister, that it must prevail. When we revisited the Prie-Dieu some months afterwards, we found she had entered a convent. "There are no nuptials for Cassandra, not that she is insensible, not that she is disdained, but the clear penetration of her soul passes in an instant both life and death, and can only repose in Heaven."\*

But, if the frequency of religious commemorations is calculated to encourage those whose desires tend to a life of contemplation, how much more widely spread are those instances in which they tend to promote the performance of the active duties of life which are plainly pointed out to the many by the station of life in which they find themselves placed by Providence; but, in order to fulfil these duties in a way pleasing to God, they require to be as much fortified by religion, to be as recollected and single-minded in the pursuit of virtue and to be as much actuated by the desire of pleasing Him, as those who bear the name of religious and have been privileged with the opportunities of constant adoration.

\* Madame de Stael's Review of Schiller's "Cassandra."

There have been many who have served God as effectually in the world as in the cloister and even had Him as constantly in their thoughts, endeavouring to direct all their actions to His glory and to do everything in accordance with His will; but it is often not till after they have experienced the insufficiency of the wisdom of this world in guiding them into the path of virtue and happiness, that they have come to seek for it at last at the shrine of their suffering Redeemer, and, there, in the contemplation of His virtues and His patience, have found a guiding star in every difficulty of life, leading them gradually to the attainment of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Of the histories of those who knelt at the Prie-Dieus we have been describing, we were particularly struck by the following :—

Johannes Haffner was the only son of a small farmer in the neighbourhood of ———. He married early in life, and his father dying soon afterwards, he went with his family, which consisted of his wife and two children, to reside with his widowed mother. Johannes had been educated strictly, and his religious principles had been carefully instilled into his mind; the grounds of his

faith had been so frequently explained to him, the necessity of a religious life, of the observances enforced by the Church, and the obligation of constantly endeavouring to adhere to an undeviating course of morality, had been so often and so clearly laid down to him, and had at various times made such a deep impression on his mind, that there was little reason to fear that he would ever, for any length of time, wander far from the path his own conscience, and the precepts he had been taught in childhood and in youth, showed him to be that which would not only be most pleasing to God, but most conducive to his own happiness both here and hereafter: and thus it had always been; he had occasionally fallen into the errors common to youth, but he had no sooner become sensible of his fault than he made a resolution of amendment, and used fresh exertions to eradicate those dispositions which he felt had been the cause of bringing him into the mischief. His wife had first attracted his notice by the sweetness of her disposition and her obliging temper; he considered she would be a fit companion for him through life, and, by endearing him to a domestic circle at home, tend to cure him of the fondness for society and company

which had been the first disposing cause of nearly all the faults he had fallen into. With these prospects of happiness he entered the married state, but he had yet to learn, by bitter experience, that true happiness is not produced by any circumstances of life whatsoever, but that it has its seat far deeper,—in the human breast, and that it is only by combating the evil dispositions of our nature which these circumstances bring into play, that true peace and true contentment are to be found.

For several years all went smoothly, his wife and he lived on the happiest terms; it is true they had their little differences occasionally, but they were quickly made up, and in the care of their children and the daily labour of their hands they found ample employment and their time never flagged heavily; each hour brought its allotted task, and each evening was to them a time of rest and quiet enjoyment after the duties of the day. Thus went on for some time an unvarying round of weeks and months, they passed placidly, nothing particular happened to interrupt their repose, and they were both fast falling into that apathetic state of indifference concerning their religious duties which is so often apparent in those, whose lives

presenting one unvarying round of occupation, free from all change and moral uncertainty, begin to forget the instability of all earthly things, and gradually relinquish their former habitual recollection and dependance upon the Deity.

Their removal to the old farm-house, however, although very delightful in anticipation, failed to bring them the increase of happiness they had expected. It is true there was more of what the world calls comfort than in their former dwelling; there were more apartments, they had a separate kitchen; cooking, washing, and eating were not all carried on in the same room; there were well furnished bed-chambers, and even a little parlour for the reception of their friends, or for themselves when their work was quite over and they were at leisure to be a little idle; this, however, was not very often the case, for if the out-door managing of a farm engrosses the time and hands of the farmer, his wife must be no less busy superintending her dairy, feeding her pigs and poultry, attending to the cleanliness of the accommodations provided for all their live stock, and to many other things not very amusing or interesting in detail, but which are of much importance in the appearance of the produce of the farm-yard, when at the market they

are placed in competition with those of their neighbours.

Leonore was an excellent manager when she was allowed her own way ; this, however, her mother-in-law was in no way inclined to give her ; she had been too long mistress easily to relinquish her old rights. Her will there was of as old standing as the chairs and tables and other pieces of furniture ; she herself was as immoveably fixed there by the implied wishes of her late husband, which she knew would be law to her son as any fixture about the place ; the sound of her own voice issuing orders to the farm servants was as familiar to herself as the sound of the ticking of the eight-day clock which had stood in the same corner without ever having been once moved, and which had never ceased ticking for a single minute or striking for a single hour since her wedding-day, now pretty nearly thirty years ago, and though she had viewed with affection and pride her son's entrance into the place of his birth (now his own), and had welcomed with a sincere and cordial welcome her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, she did not look very quietly on at the new assumption of rights, which were now exercised by Johannes and his wife ; she did not relish the idea of being but the third person



of the household where she had formerly been mistress, and though both her children endeavoured in the most delicate way to make her feel as little as possible this change in her position, yet they regretted to perceive in her an increasing tenacity of her own opinion, an increasing officiousness in giving advice, and a disposition to meddle in affairs now no longer hers. This made them occasionally uncomfortable, but they readily excused the error, for they knew how hard it must be for her to sink the dignity she had so long enjoyed all at once, and they trusted that, by a little mildness and forbearance at first, they should win her over to be entirely reconciled to the change and by a deference to her opinion, which they willingly and on many occasions yielded to her long experience, show that they considered her more a joint proprietor with themselves than an unnecessary addition or incumbrance in their family.

All their efforts, however, would not do. She became more and more dissatisfied, and jealous of every encroachment upon her authority. It mattered not how excellent were the arrangements made by her children; because they were their doing, and not hers, she was perpetually finding

fault, discovering evils where none existed, and constantly endeavouring, from a mere spirit of contradiction, to overturn their best regulated plans and schemes of improvement; if she could not succeed in this, she generally endeavoured to discourage them by every means in her power, foretelling the failure of their enterprizes, and hinting it would all be caused by their own mismanagement. The children, too, were perpetual sources of annoyance; they could neither play, work, nor talk, to her satisfaction; she was always scolding them, and the poor little things, so far from being their grandmother's spoiled children, were actually unhappy in her presence, and almost dreaded the sound of her voice. And yet this used not to be so during the life of her husband; they had been always welcome at the farm, and their parents had been held up to them as models of perfection, whom they were encouraged to obey and imitate. But now they were continually exposed to hearing them found fault with, and language applied to them which they had sufficient sense to know was not deserved; and this only made them the more attached to them in the troubles they often perceived them to be suffering from. For some time Johannes and his wife bore all patiently, but

the old woman's querulousness only increasing by their forbearance, and having lost all hope of making any change in her conduct, they began now and then to answer her sharply in return ; this, of course, produced real differences, which were far harder to bear, and more inconvenient in their consequences, than had been the mere ebullitions of wrath, which had generally subsided when a quiet answer had been given, until a fresh occasion had again lighted up the flame of her displeasure. This fault of recrimination Johannes much more frequently fell into than his wife. He was naturally of a quick temper, and the rudeness he occasionally saw her exposed to exasperated him much more than when it was addressed to himself. Leonore herself was not devoid of warmth of temper, but her own love of ease was generally sufficient to restrain her from showing it, as she invariably found that her doing so produced a greater degree of uneasiness in the entire household. Still it was a constant struggle, and she often bewailed her unhappy lot, and looked back with regret to the peaceable and happy days she had spent with her husband in their humble little cottage.

One day Johannes returned from the market in

no very good humour, having been induced to make some rather disadvantageous bargains; he found his mother more than usually provoking, and, instead of meeting with the kindness and soothing he required, his wife was in tears, and his children seemed terrified; the youngest had a scar on his temple, and his little sister was endeavouring to hush his cries. He saw something worse than usual had occurred; and, forgetting his usual moderation, asked angrily what was the matter, to which his mother answered him with her accustomed acrimony, accompanied by some sarcastic remark. For once he forgot himself, and gave way to the passion that was rising within him. His wife begged him to compose himself, but when he saw her downcast look, and the still bleeding wound on his child's head, he could restrain himself no longer. He ascertained, by the whispered acknowledgment of the children, that it was their grandmother who had inflicted the blow; and he burst out into a volley of reproaches, and almost cursed his mother. She stood aghast, his wife wept, his children hung about him, begging him to be quiet. He disengaged himself from them and left the house. For hours he wandered about, bewailing his domestic unhappiness. He

felt no inclination to go home. *Home!* how many happy associations were once conveyed by that word! *Now*, he dreaded to cross his own threshold, and all from the ungovernableness of temper of one woman, and that woman his mother. He saw no prospect of an improvement in his condition; the future appeared to him without a ray of hope, for however thriving his affairs might be, whatever extent of health and prosperity might visit his dwelling, discord would still be there to check his overflowing spirits; to shed a reserve and melancholy over his wife; and to restrain the happy prattle of his children. He had almost determined to rid himself of the evil at once, by peremptorily insisting on his mother quitting his domestic circle, and finding a home elsewhere; though, at the same time, he resolved on providing amply for all her wants. This at first gave him some relief, but, reflecting afterwards on his father's dying injunctions respecting her, and feeling self-reproach and compunction at having entertained the thought for an instant, he became wavering in his resolution; when suddenly he found himself approaching within a few steps of a Prie-Dieu. It was one in which he had often knelt, but not lately; he had been too much engrossed with his worldly

concerns, and religion had for some time made but little impression on his mind. It is true he had attended mass pretty regularly on Sundays with his family, but it had been too much a matter of form, and had little influence on his heart and conduct.

It was by this time getting late; the moon had risen and now shone brightly on the figure of the cross within; and upon it was a representation, admirably depicted, of his crucified Redeemer. It seemed to him to have an air of deeper suffering and more perfect resignation than he had ever observed before. He fell down on his knees before it, humbled and admonished. He reflected on *His* sufferings, of the anguish He endured unmitigated by any comfort; and then how trivial, how light his own sorrows appeared to him! Had his Lord suffered so much and would he rebel at the one trial which he was called upon to bear? On! no, he felt how ungrateful was the thought, how impious had been the resolution he had entertained. He continued long in prayer that God would vouchsafe him the grace necessary for enduring his affliction—he returned home repentant, mild, and gentle. His wife and children, who had been alarmed at his absence, flew to meet him; and his mother,

to his astonishment, threw herself on her knees before him, begging his forgiveness for the injury she had committed on his child and terrified at the lengths to which her ill-nature had led her, promised to endeavour to correct a fault which threatened to bring unhappiness upon the whole family. She became from that moment more attentive to her religious duties and an almost daily visitor at the Prie-Dieu. It was there we found her, and it was she herself who related to us the above little history. She was now, she said, perfectly contented, her children were dutiful; she made herself as useful as she could without assuming any authority, and by each member of the family attending only to their own particular duties, and the exercise of good will and mutual forbearance whenever any little cause of dispute arose, her latter days were passing in peace and she had the satisfaction also, she added, of seeing both her son and daughter-in-law becoming more and more attentive in the performance of their religious obligations, and in every respect setting a good example to their children. At the conclusion of her narrative, her little granddaughter who accompanied her, and had listened attentively to all she said, looked at her with

tears in her eyes, threw her little arms about her neck, and kissed her affectionately.

Who has not been struck with the fixedness and intentness of devotion exhibited by the poor people in the churches on the continent, which are left open during the entire day? Most of them are aged; kneeling and often lying prostrate before the altar; in silent communion with Heaven; unheeding the entrance of strangers and unconscious of their presence; in preparation for that event which is soon to cut them off from all intercourse with the world. They seem like statues; it is with difficulty we catch a glimpse of the attenuated form which is almost shrouded from our view by the large cloak or mantle enveloping the whole figure:—and the old man, too, in the corner, leaning against the wall for support, for he is too weak to kneel alone; his grey hair is long and thin; his clothes are ragged; his shrivelled hand is on his temple and shades his eyes, shutting out everything from his view; he is quite absorbed in his devotions. We will not approach too near, lest we should disturb him. These are probably both inmates in the house of a married son or daughter; unable to be any longer useful; escaped from the



noise and turmoil of the little family at home; the soul in these silent and holy retreats pursues her holy musings in anticipation of the time when she may unite with the rapturous adoration of the blessed in Heaven:—still, welcome, too, to the distracted soul and blessed to the weary traveller; to the aged and the oppressed with grief is yonder little shelter on the hillside, with its rude covering and its simple cross within—THE PRIE-DIEU.

# THE ROSE TREE.



## The Rose Tree.

TO THE AUTHORS OF THE "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES" AND THEIR FOLLOWERS ; WHO, WHILE THEY APPROVE OF AND RECOMMEND MANY OF OUR OBSERVANCES, RETAIN THEIR DISLIKE TO THE CHURCH ; IN OTHER WORDS, THEY STRETCH OUT THEIR HANDS TO PLUCK THE FRUIT AND FLOWERS, BUT REJECT THE PLANT WHICH HAS PRODUCED THEM.

---

In the garden of Truth our rose tree is blooming,  
In no other soil is the odour so sweet ;  
Oh ! pluck not our roses with hand unbelieving,  
They will fade in thy bosom and fall at thy feet.

Oh ! why are our flowers of all flowers the fairest ?  
Oh ! why do they blossom and never decay ?  
'Tis because they are nourished from Heaven's own fountain,  
" The Waters of Life," " the Truth and the Way."

Thou may'st tend, thou may'st water the tree of thy planting ;  
But the flowers will be weak, they will fade, they will die ;  
For the hands which have planted ; the dew that has watered,  
Are the errors of man ;—the breath of a sigh.

In the sunshine of Heaven our rose tree is smiling ;  
With its dews we are watered, we flourish and grow,  
In the garden of Truth, where no storms ever reach us ;  
'Tis the best, 'tis the safest, the only, the true.

Come, then, to our garden, but pluck not our flowers ;  
Take root in our soil, and thy roses will bloom  
As sweetly as ours ;—they will comfort and cheer thee ;  
Untouched by all tempest, unheeding all gloom.

How sweet is the perfume the gale now wafts o'er thee ;  
And a voice in that gale invites thee to come :—  
Then enter our garden of roses, believe us,  
Thou'lt find rest in our sunshine, our truth, and our home.

**SCENES AND IMPRESSIONS  
IN CONNEMARA.**



## Scenes and Impressions in Connemara.

### CHAPTER I.

---

"It is night, I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!

"Rise, moon! from behind thy clouds. Stars of the night, arise! Lead me, some light, to the place where my love rests from the chase alone! his bow near him unstrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I must sit alone, by the rock of the mossy stream. The stream and the wind roar aloud. I hear not the voice of my love! Why delays my Salgar, the chief of the hills, his promise? Here is the rock, and here the tree! here is the roaring stream. \* \* \* Ah! whither is my Salgar gone?

"Cease a little while, O wind! stream, be thou silent awhile! let my voice be heard around. Let my wanderer hear me! Salgar, it is Colma who calls. Why delayest thou thy coming? Lo! the calm moon comes forth. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are gray on the steep. I see him not on the brow. His dogs come not before him, with tidings of his near approach. Here I must sit alone.

"Who lie on the heath beside me? Are they my love and my brother? Speak to me, O my friends!—to Colma they give no reply. Speak to me; I am alone! my soul is tormented with fears! Ah! they are dead! Their swords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why hast thou slain my Salgar! Why, O Salgar! hast thou slain my brother? Dear



were ye both to me, what shall I say in your praise? Thou wert fair on the hill among thousands! he was terrible in fight. Speak to me, hear my voice: \* \* \* They are silent; silent for ever! Cold, cold are their breasts of clay! Oh! from the rock on the hill, from the top of the windy steep, speak, ye ghosts of the dead! speak, I will not be afraid! Whither are ye gone to rest? In what cave of the hill shall I find the departed? No feeble voice is on the gale. No answer half drowned in the storm! Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead, close it not till Colma come. \* \* \* Here shall I rest with my friends, by the stream of the sounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the loud winds arise; my ghost shall stand in the blast, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter shall hear my voice! \* \* \* For sweet shall my voice be for my friends; pleasant were her friends to Colma."—*Songs of Selma, Ossian*.

---

While traversing the wild and mountainous district of Connemara, visions of Ossian constantly arose before us; his voice seemed to float in the air; to speak from the mountain tops; and the figures of the shades of fallen heroes seemed faintly visible in the mists which hung upon them. So truly is the scenery pourtrayed, that we immediately transferred the events recorded to have taken place in the Highlands of Scotland to this region; and as we advance, we shall, perhaps, find more reason for believing, than we were at the time aware of, that the resemblance did not exist wholly in our own imagination.

It was not a chain of mountains that arose before us, but a confused heap of huge rocks towering

one above another ; and presenting, as we thought, an impassable barrier to our progress. When we were children, we used to wish to climb to the top of the mountains to see what was behind them, and something very like the same feeling returned to us now. As we were assured we should find ourselves on the other side before night, we advanced ; half wishing for an adventure, and not doubting but many were in store for us. We passed several lakes, and one beautiful villa surrounded with pleasure grounds in a valley ; we wondered who lived there, and felt half vexed to find that people of taste had been there before us. The cultivation of this little spot, however, had its limits ; the rest was all uncultivated nature ; beautiful, however, though a bog. Wherever the water was not of so decided a character as to prevent vegetation, and wherever the rocks were not so sharp as to repel its advances, the ground was covered with the most luxuriant heaths ; the edges of the lakes, too, were fringed with large white floating lilies, reposing on their broad leaves. It was getting dusk ; a turn of the road brought before us another landscape ; a long clear lake extended before us on the right as far as we could see, from which the Twelve Pins, the highest of the Connemara mountains,

rose almost perpendicularly. On our left was a small green plain, a chapel, and a graveyard, as we perceived by the gleaming of wooden crosses in the ground here and there, to point out where the lowly dead were laid; they were three or four feet high; a few looked white and new, and near one of them we saw a woman kneeling, and a little child beside her; others were slanting in the ground, evidently neglected. The occupant of this grave had been sometime dead, and was comparatively forgotten; another had fallen on the ground. We had got into a train of thought, perhaps not very complimentary to human nature; when the beauty of the scene on our right attracted our notice; we were close on the edge of the lake; the full moon had risen; the mountains were reflected on its clear and glassy surface, and seemed to be hanging, as it were, from their own base into the depths of the waters below. All was serene and quiet—

“ All was tranquil and still, save the spirit of man;  
All was peaceful and pure, save the dream of his breast.”

We had a little while before engaged a pedestrian we had overtaken on the road to be our guide to the village of Roundstone, where we were to sleep. His loquacity had disturbed the equilibrium

of our temper—we had been trying to lull ourselves into a calm corresponding to the calm of nature, but it would not do. One of us sneezed. “God bless you, your honour,” said the man, and “God bless you, your honour,” was repeated by another man behind who had joined our party, and who every now and then looked up to catch what we might be saying; but our honours had said nothing yet. We looked about us to see if any thing wonderful had occurred (we were intent on wonder-hunting) when my companion sneezed too, and the “God bless you” was repeated again. “What has happened?” we asked. “Oh! nothing at all, your honour,” they replied. But we were sure something *had* happened, but as they would not tell us, we were obliged to be contented.\* However, something about Terry-Altism occurred to us; we did not mind it much—it had been put a stop to the year before—but we saw presently the bog-trot of the two poor men had become a run, and we

\* The repetition of the same salutation, whenever we sneezed, made us at last inquire into the cause, which none could tell us. We have since heard it attributed to the following origin, and traced to the East, whence have come so many of their habits:—A disease, a sort of apoplexy, was formerly prevalent in Greece and Syria which was preceded by sneezing. It then became customary to make this exclamation, and it still continues among their descendants of the Green Isle.

then discovered we were ourselves trotting rather hard. We felt a little ashamed and pulled up to let our guides have breath. We left at a little distance a mansion-house and grounds on the side of a rapid river—it was the seat of the member for the county; the son of the member, Mr. Martin, of “cruelty to animal” notoriety. We crossed the bridge of Timbola; this river is celebrated for its salmon fishery. We turned about to see how the scene looked behind us—it was beautiful; the river gleamed in the moonlight; Ballinahinch Castle (the seat of Mr. Martin just alluded to) surrounded with trees, appeared on its banks; the mountains rose abruptly and seemed reposing in their giant strength. We proceeded for some miles through a flat country, and reached Roundstone. We were tired and went to bed. Late next morning we arose. There is something raw-looking and cheerless in the aspect of most fishing villages; trees do not flourish well generally near the sea-side; and the fishing apparatus you see drying and the fisherman’s clothes look scaly and greasy with salt water. It was the herring season, and a good season, and the poor people seemed in good spirits. We went down to the shore, the view was very fine; the bay seemed nearly enclosed with high banks, some of

them islands. There were numbers of large stones upon the shore, perfectly round and polished, from which we concluded the place derived its name. We inquired, but the people did not know; they seemed astonished at their having attracted our notice. They must have been worn into this shape by constant friction of the sea; but how they came to be lying there, high and dry, for no earthly use, we could not learn. Sometimes trifles puzzle us, and this was one of them. There is a very extensive view from the hill of Urrisbeg, close to the village; which we ascended, and perceived Connemara to be what its name imports—"bays of the sea." We looked over immense level districts,\* mostly uncultivated, partly bog land, partly dry and rocky—studded with lakes, of which there may be about three hundred in Connemara; about half, however, only were visible; many were concealed from our view by the mountains which rose abruptly from the plains. On many of the lakes were romantic-looking little wooded islands. We did not start for Clifden, the capital of Connemara, till towards the evening. It was a very dull road. We

\* The districts of Connemara and Joyce's Country extend about eighty miles along the sea-coast, without including the shores of numerous inlets of the sea, some of which are a mile or two in length; it is about forty miles in breadth.

had proceeded some miles. Not a tree to be seen. The guide presently showed us one, a little stumpy deformed hawthorn. "That is the half-way bush, your honour."—"What! is this the only tree between Roundstone and Clifden?" "There's not another till you get within a mile of Clifden."—"Are there no inhabitants here?" (We saw no dwellings of any kind.) "Yes, the murderer, your honour, nobody else for five miles on each side." We saw a figure moving along at some distance. Again we quickened our pace. It was a very lonely place. We glanced suspiciously at our poor innocent guide, accusing him in our own minds of being an accomplice, and that the other was lying in wait for fresh victims. He was beginning to tell us the story, but was soon out of breath; we went too quick for him, and when we paused and looked behind, he was half a mile off. We relented, and waited for him to come up, when we got him into good humour again—indeed, to do him justice, he had been so all along. We heard the story of the murderer, which took a long time to tell, but the substance of which was that he had been set at liberty for want of proof, and led this miserable solitary life, but without attempting harm to any one. We soon perceived a

number of twinkling lights in the distance ; it was getting late. In remote Irish villages, window-shutters are considered quite superfluous, being things which can be done without ; consequently, all the little towns appear illuminated, every light shows ; it looks cheerful, too, and almost like a welcome to the traveller ; we had passed by one lake, or rather an arm of the sea, over a bridge thrown across a narrow part of it which widened to a lake on the right. Again the Twelve Pins rose beyond, for we had now got completely across them, and were facing them again from the other side. We crossed another bridge over a mountain torrent ; a cascade was on our right, and a deep ravine on our left. On the summit of the steep rocks along its sides was the town of Clifden, which seemed to reach to a distance of about half a mile. We advanced through the spacious street ; evidently objects of curiosity to the people who were still loitering about, and reached the inn where we remained for the night.



## CHAPTER II.

Next morning we strolled about the town, and found it situated at the termination of a very long narrow bay, or inlet of the sea, enclosed by high banks; it was neat and thriving looking, with many good shops; not a village of cabins, by any means, but new white houses, two or three stories high. It was market day, the streets were crowded with the country people; the women all wore blue or scarlet cloaks, and very smart caps, no bonnets; they were displaying their butter and eggs, pigs and poultry. We wished some of the poorer looking could have afforded to eat them themselves, but they must sell them to pay their rent. It seemed hardly credible, but we were assured that it was not very long since they used to sell their goods by stealth, conveying them to market under their cloaks, imagining it to be *beneath* them to *sell* anything. Such are the notions of a people perfectly unsophisticated in the *dignity* of com-

merce. They are, however, fast becoming initiated in its utility.\*

In the evening we strolled to Clifden Castle, the delightful seat of Mr. D'Arcy, who is the proprietor of the town of Clifden; and returned by the mountain road, of which little circuit Mr. Inglis has since given so accurate and vivid a description in his *Journey throughout Ireland* in 1834, that we shall describe it in his words. "The walk from Clifden by the water-side is perfectly lovely; the distance is not greater than two miles. The path runs by the brink of a long, narrow inlet of the sea, the banks of which, on both sides, are rugged and precipitous. It was an evening of extraordinary beauty when I sauntered down this path; the tide was full, and the inlet brimful and calm; and beyond the narrow entrance of the bay lay, in almost as glassy a calm, though with a gentle heaving, the wide waters of the Atlantic. After reaching the entrance of the bay, and rounding a little promontory, Clifden Castle comes into view. \* \* \* Mountain and wood rise behind, and a fine sloping lawn in front reaches down to the beautiful land-locked bay, while to

\* Clifden, at the time of our visit, had only been in existence about fourteen years.

the right the eye ranges over the ocean, until it mingles with the far and dim horizon.

“ Twenty years ago the whole of this was a bog, and now not a rood of bog land is to be seen. The lawn I saw laden with a magnificent crop of hay, while, at the same time, the sunk fence showed a deep bog. I returned to Clifden by the mountain road, and was again delighted with the new views which the road disclosed,—more Swiss in character than anything I had seen in Ireland. The mountain range behind Clifden,—the Twelve Pins of Bunarola (Benbola),—is almost worthy of Switzerland. In its outline, nothing can be finer.”

Mr. Inglis, however, has forgotten to notice the profusion of luxuriant wild flowers which cross the path at every step, and twist about the bushes and underwood, which are here the natural growth of the soil; and are picturesquely dispersed at unequal distances among the slopes and rising grounds, between which and the sea the road runs. The woodbine and the convolvulus (major) particularly, climb their branches, and creep along the ground, interspersing the foliage with their bright colours. The bog myrtle, too, that plain, unassuming little tree (for it bears the character of one), a dwarf of a few inches high, the leaves of a dull green, but

yielding, when pressed, the most delicious but peculiarly *wild* odour, if such a term may be allowed. We believe it is uncommon; we should not have noticed it had it not been pointed out by a companion, who, seeing us to be strangers, had kindly volunteered to be our guide. On our return, and pretty near to Clifden, we perceived something like the thatched roof of a cabin against a hill; we entered with some difficulty; the little path to it was wet and clayey; the entrance (there was no door) was so low that we were obliged to stoop, and it was only just wide enough to admit us; there was no light but what entered through this aperture. A poor half-clothed woman lighted a rush; there was a very little fire on the ground; water was oozing from the side which was formed by the hill; the earthen floor was damp. There was a bedstead, but no clothes upon it; two or three children were tumbling about—their father was sitting in a corner shivering—starving to death—he died not long after. We shivered too; such utter want of all earthly comfort could hardly be imagined—it must be seen. There were several other such habitations in the immediate vicinity of Clifden, tenanted principally by poor creatures, who, from various causes, had no means

of supporting themselves ; they were generally day labourers ; some of them were glad to work for the hire of fourpence per day, and even this they could only have occasionally. We visited several of their cabins, and found much the same degree of wretchedness in all. Those, however, in the country districts, who hold an acre or two of land, were better off ; not that there was much appearance of comfort in any, even the best of the cabins we visited. The floors were generally full of holes ; no windows, no fire-places, no cooking utensils ; only a large iron pot and a pair of tongs ; the turf fire on the ground, the smoke issuing out partly at the door and partly through a hole in the roof, on which we have occasionally seen a small whiskey barrel placed, by way of chimney ; the furniture very scanty, chairs uncommon ; the pig frequently occupying one corner of the fire-place, and sometimes serving as a pillow for a sleepy child ; the fowls, too, seemed quite at home. There is generally a doorway on each side of the cabin, one of which is closed up by a very thick straw matting, according to the direction of the wind. These people have a cow, a field, a potato and cabbage garden, but they sell the produce ; the rents are too high to allow of their supporting themselves at

all comfortably. This is the case generally all over Ireland. Some landlords are not so exacting as others, but there are few exceptions, and as long as the little farms are let to the highest bidder, and long leases are not allowed, neither the farmer nor his land can be expected to make much progress.—Yet cultivation is extending, but not nearly so fast as it would do under a different system.

The day afterwards it blew a perfect hurricane ; we could with difficulty keep our feet. It seemed to gather itself together on the ocean, rush up the long, narrow, confined bay, and spend itself on the shore. Our friendly cicerone of the day before took us to view the effects of the storm in the plenitude of its wrath. We proceeded about two miles, when we arrived at a part of the road rather hazardous-looking ;—we were at an immense elevation on the side of a mountain, which, rising to a great height on the right, slopes precipitately to the sea on the left. We overlooked the Atlantic for many miles ; the isles of Arran, twenty miles off, were just visible on the horizon ; a little nearer the Skurd rocks, and nearer still the islands and light-house of Slievehead. Immediately beneath us the sea dashed and foamed over the Carrigarone

rocks, which divide the entrance into the bay of Clifden; on the other side of which appeared a wild and treeless region, gleaming with lakes, and the castle\* crowned hill of Urrismore. Passing onwards, we came in sight of a great, square, staring-looking mansion, with hardly a bit of anything like vegetation about it. It had been built by smugglers; there are several such on the coast. We had heard of smugglers' caves, but this was open and above ground,—a country seat; it is close to the shore, but by no means a smuggling station now; the Preventive Service has put an end to this; but large fortunes used to be made and spent in this traffic, when Connemara furnished all Connaught with wine from Portugal. This is all over now, and this mansion is converted into a glebe-house,—the next parish to America. Omey and High Island were within view, the former almost close to us; it is small, and can be reached dry at low water. Its ancient name was Imaidh, or Immagh. It is said it once contained a university and two thousand students.

High Island, or Ardoilen, is five miles from the

\* Formerly one of the castles of the O'Flaherties, whose sway extended over almost all Connemara; it is now the residence of — O'Neil, Esq., late M.P. for Kingston-upon-Hull.

shore ; it is only accessible at one point, and this in perfectly calm weather. A precipice, between two and three hundred feet high, forms its western side. It contains about fifty acres; its surface bears marks of former cultivation. In the middle of the island are the remains of a chapel and altar, surrounded by extensive ruins of a monastery.

Returning by the same road, we saw a vessel making for the bay. We watched its progress; it seemed helpless in the storm, and was driven quickly among the breakers. In another moment it struck. Shrieks were distinctly heard mingled with the roaring of the waves, which broke incessantly over Carrigarone. We could perceive the poor people clinging to the masts.—Another swell of the sea, and all disappeared.—Next morning parts of the wreck were found on the shore. How many have gone down on this frightful coast, none can tell;—many have been seen to strike and go to pieces. Shrieks have frequently been heard on the blast on stormy nights. Some time previously, a transport, containing between four and five hundred men, had gone down within sight of land. Occasionally crews have been saved when the vessels struck near the shore, but generally



they have encountered sunken rocks\* long before reaching it. We returned home sick at heart;—we had seen several of our fellow-creatures hurried into eternity. It was a scene not easily forgotten; it haunted our recollection, and the shriek!—we could still fancy we hear it, when the wind blows hard at night.

The day following the whole town seemed in a bustle; it was a *patthern*† day. Towards the afternoon we were amazed to see a large body of sturdy, well-dressed men moving into the town. Suddenly each man flourished his shillelagh above his head, and advanced to meet the opposite *faction*, which had entered at the other end of the town. Ringing blows were heard on all sides; stones began to fly. Parties of women were close on the rear encouraging their husbands and brothers, and supplying them with fresh missiles, of which they carried stockings full. Presently screams mingled with the war-whoop, and cries of “Arrah! he’s kilt, he’s kilt dead entirely, he’s

\* There has been since erected a light-house on Slinehead, the extremity of this chain of rocks; which must be of great service in enabling ships to keep out at sea beyond their range

† “Patron days” were formerly days of general meeting on the occasion of some festival, but have become gradually converted into “fair” days.

entirely kilt.”—Then rode up a priest, dashed into the middle of them, demanding their sticks; he had soon a goodly bundle. Each warrior he addressed fell on his knees and delivered up his weapon into his hands. He addressed to each of them a few words in Irish, which seemed to make a great impression, for they rose up and retired like little children. But the wounded and the dead! we were in pain for them; we looked for them everywhere, we asked everybody we met about them. “Och! sure, your honour, they’re not kilt dead intirely. Such a one was intirely kilt, but he’s better now.” Still we were puzzled, and were some time before we could distinguish which term denoted a fatal result. We were soon satisfied no material harm had happened, which we could not account for, but by supposing Pat’s head to be harder than those of other people.—So much, however, for the influence of the Irish priesthood; so much for their pacifying influence on the minds of the people.

## CHAPTER III.

Our return from Clifden was by a different route, but by no means a less interesting one. It led us by the extremity of Streamston Bay, past Streamston House, formerly a smuggling station, and on the same plan as that of the glebe before described, only much more picturesquely situated. As we were not limited in time, we frequently made little *détours* from the regular road, whenever we fancied we should encounter anything interesting; and as for guides, there was no lack, for it is the constant practice of the people to join any one (particularly should he be a stranger) they may encounter, partly, perhaps, from curiosity, and partly from their natural sociability; they show every wish to enter into conversation, and to be useful if they can, and always gratuitously. We always found them unwilling to accept payment for any services they had done us. Once we observed our companions simultaneously pick up a stone, which

each threw into a place, already pretty well covered with them, near the road-side. In answer to our inquiries, we found this heap of stones to be the foundation of a *cairn*; this led our minds back to olden times, indeed. An ancient grass-grown *cairn* is common enough, but to see one actually making, was what we had not expected to see in these (we must not say) *degenerate days*, though we *almost* felt them to be so at that moment, so impressed were we with the beautiful simplicity of the idea which caused this custom. A person had died suddenly on this spot; each one passing says a short prayer for the repose of his soul, at the same time adding a stone to the heap; the little hillock will increase till the memory of the departed becoming fainter in the minds of succeeding generations, grass will cover it by degrees, and it will look like every other old *cairn*. This little incident had carried us back some centuries;—when we had finished our reflections, we found ourselves traversing a *black* coast; its name in Irish, which we forget now, has this signification. The road we had travelled all the morning had been through a wild, heathy, boggy, and sometimes a rocky country, without trees, but now its aspect became much more dismal; the heaths had disappeared;

it was almost indescribably cheerless; but the ocean rose before us in all its grandeur, and

### BOFIN ISLAND

appeared at a distance. The name, we thought, was not quite unknown to us, but we could not remember how or where we had heard or read of it. But at this moment an affecting sight appeared. It was still early in the day; a little chapel was at hand,—a chapel, we should not say; there was an altar covered over, the rest was quite open, the walls only partly raised. A priest in black vestments was saying mass, the people kneeling round apparently greatly affected. We advanced gently, and joined the congregation. When all was over, we inquired the cause, and were answered with sobs and exclamations of grief—the priest of Bofin Island had died the preceding night. Fever had been raging there; none had died, however; all but the priest had recovered; he alone had fallen a victim to it,—no, not to it, but to his unceasing exertions in fulfilling his duties towards his people, and alleviating their sufferings. This had been the second visitation which had afflicted them; the cholera had been prevalent and very fatal not long before; it was then this good priest had worn out

his constitution. The people had been panic-struck; he alone was calm and unmoved, while all, even the nearest relatives, had been flying from each other. He tended and consoled the sufferers, acting as their physician, as well as their spiritual attendant; and when all fled from the livid and discolouring corpse, he, with little assistance, had actually buried the dead. Providence had preserved him unhurt; but a second epidemic broke out; his frame had been too much shaken; the bow had been too tightly strung; his conquests over the terrors of death, in the fearful forms in which he had witnessed it; his bodily as well as mental exertions, had unfitted him for a second struggle. He caught the infection, and in a few days died. During all these trials, no priest, no doctor, had visited the island; the access to it was too dangerous: frequently, for weeks together, no boatmen can venture there. A few days previously the wind had become more favourable, and the good priest had been visited; but he had died surrounded only by his own dear people, for whom he had sacrificed himself, and who now mourned for him as their father, indeed. He was very young, full of ardour and zeal; he had fulfilled his course, and was now called to his reward. The

sensation his death caused was deep and general. He had been regarded in the light of a saint. The priest who had said mass now came forward, and bid us welcome to his humble dwelling; it was at some distance; it was not in his own chapel he had said mass (he was to do so next day), but he had been on that part of the coast when the news arrived, and his own first impulse corresponding with the wishes of the people, he had offered up a mass at the nearest altar for the repose of the soul of his friend. In the course of conversation we mentioned that an indistinct recollection of something connected with Catholicism and Bofin Island had existed in our minds, for which we could not account. He immediately showed us the following passage in Bede (to be found in Ware's Antiquities):—

“ In the meantime, Colman, who was a Scottish bishop, left Britain, and took with him all those Scots whom he had gotten together in the island of Lindisfarne, and of the English about thirty, both which sorts were well instructed in the studies of a monastic conversation, and leaving some of his monks in his own church, he first went to the island of Hy, from whence he had been sent to preach the Word of God to the English. Afterwards he

retired to a small island, not far distant from Ireland, on the western coast, which, in the Scottish (i. e., Irish) language, is called *Inis-bo-Find*, i. e., the *Island of the White Heifer*. He carried with him some of the bones of St. Aidan, his predecessor, who had converted the Northumbrian heathen to the faith of Christ. When he came, therefore, into that island, he founded a monastery there, and settled monks in it, whom he had selected out of both nations. This voyage of Colman to the *Island of the White Heifer* is placed under the year 676, and in this island Colman died nine years after, and was buried in his own church of *Inis-bo-Find*."

Seven Catholic bishops are said to have been driven into this island, where they were massacred, during the Cromwellian invasion. A large fort built by Cromwell at the entrance of the harbour is still in good preservation. All remains of the monastery have disappeared.

This was interesting indeed, and at such a time particularly so. It seemed as if the sanctity of the first Christian settlers had left a blessing, and that the mantle of its first saint and bishop had fallen on this his distant successor, and the force of the beautiful and consoling prophecy seemed in this



case exemplified, "Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world!"

Our kind friend accompanied us on part of our way towards the hotel\* of Tully, a large thatched cabin at which we were to sleep. We passed the Bay of Ballinakill, extending some miles inland, and the Diamond† Mountain. Suddenly our friend ceased talking, listened attentively to some sounds which issued from a cabin by the roadside, dismounted, and the next moment had disappeared within its walls. An exclamation arose from many voices all at once; several men rushed from the entrance, pushing and tumbling over one another; and with a half comic expression of countenance and in a half penitent and deprecating tone of voice, begging his reverence's pardon, and promising not to do something (we could not tell what) any more, scampered off as fast as they could in different directions, while our friend the priest stood before the door, brandishing his long riding-whip and scolding the reprobates loudly in their own language. The scene was indescribably ludicrous,

\* Since converted into a private dwelling, the hotel having been transferred into the village.

† So called from the Irish diamond being found there in great quantities. The "Achil amethysts," which are found in the island of Achil, on the coast of Mayo, are likewise very beautiful.

and we laughed heartily, in which we were joined by the priest as soon as they had all got out of sight and hearing. The cause of the affray, however, we were still ignorant of till he explained to us he had had for some time reason to believe that this said cabin, which was tenantless, had been frequently the rendezvous of a set of idle fellows for card-playing. A few expressions in Irish having reached his ear as we were passing, had informed him of what was going on, and he had immediately determined on acting in the manner we had seen him do, well knowing what the effect would be of his sudden appearance amongst them. Another instance of the happy influence the Irish clergy exercise over the minds of their flocks. How they come by it we will not stop to question; certain it is they possess it, and wield it to good advantage too.

We were sorry to take leave of this good man, his duties to the sick and dying led him in another direction; he pointed out to us the cabin he was going to (it was a case of fever) about half a mile from the road, across a bog. We watched his progress; he had laid his bridle on his pony's neck, and the wary animal picked his steps from tuft to tuft in a way which the good priest, with all his

learning, could never have taught him, and carried him safely to his destination. We saw him stoop to enter the humble threshold, and could not but be thankful for the consolations we felt assured he was imparting in this abode of disease and wretchedness, and felt convinced there was more real happiness at that moment under that lowly roof than is often to be met with on beds of down and in chambers of luxury.

Our approach to Tully was magnificent. The sun was setting; its rays were dancing on the waves. On the other side of the bay, Maelrae, the highest mountain in the district, rose abruptly, and, as it were, from the very bosom of the deep. Several rocky islands appeared scattered at various distances on the ocean; the sea was gently washing a white sandy beach. If we had been impressed before with the resemblance of the scenery to that described by Ossian, here we found ourselves in the identical spot in which we had years before figured to ourselves some of the most affecting scenes to have taken place. It seemed no longer fancy; we had often been here before in imagination. It was here we had heard the voice of "Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead." It was here we had seen him "as a wave on the lonely shore,

his head bent with age, and red his tearful eye." We had seen him "alone on the silent hill," and listened to the voice of his complaint. With *Ryno* we had asked his cause of woe, and been answered, "My tears, O *Ryno*! are for the dead, my voice for those that have passed away."—"Who on his staff is this?—who is this whose head is white with age, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O *Morar*, the father of no son but thee. He heard of thy fame in war, he heard of foes dispersed. He heard of *Morar's* renown; why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of *Morar*! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead; low their pillow of dust. No more shall we hear thy voice; no more awake at thy call. When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?"—What can equal the pathos of the above quotation? Nothing but the voice which floats on the air responsive to the notes of ancient Irish melody (how ancient none can tell) the *Coulin*, for instance, tells such tales as these without the help of words. Well has *Moore* said that he gave words only to the sentiments already expressed by the music of these national airs.

"I was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,  
And all the wild sweetness I waked was their own."

But it is only *sometimes* Moore touches on the notes which breathe so deeply of the times and of the deeds of the past—of the woe of the heart-stricken heroes of old. It is Ossian, in such passages as the above, who strikes the chord of sympathy and carries us back to the scenes he describes, and makes us almost weep within ourselves.

But now the sun had set, and we again found ourselves involuntarily, in the words of the bard, addressing the orb of night, which was nearly at its full. “Walk through thy broken clouds, O! moon, show thy pale face at intervals! Bring to my mind the night when all my children fell!” We thought we heard the voice of Daura—“Alone, on the sea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries. What could her father do? All night I stood on the shore. I saw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. \* \* \* Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening breeze among the grass of the rocks. Spent with grief, she expired, and left thee,\* Armin, alone.” Then, as we gazed on

\* The tale of Armin is as follows :—Daura, his daughter, had been betrothed to Armar, who had slain the brother of Erath. Erath repined, came in the disguise of an aged man, and induced Daura to accompany him in his skiff to a small island at a

the rocky islands, showing darkly in the midst of the shining sea, we could almost fancy we could see with the mourner the ghosts of his children. Thus he complains—"When the storms aloft arise, when the north wind lifts the wave on high, I sit by the sounding shore, and look on the fatal rock. Often, by the setting moon, I see the ghosts of my children. Half viewless, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you speak in pity? They do not regard their father. I am sad, O Carmer, nor small is my cause of woe." Yes, and we thought we heard the fulfilment of Ossian's own prophecy of himself, which follows soon after, when he says, "The sons of song are gone to rest. My voice remains, like a blast, that roars, lonely, on a sea-surrounded rock, after the winds are laid."

Full of these reflections, we returned to our inn, where we found another traveller, with whom we entered into conversation, and could not help adverting to the subject which had filled our thoughts.

little distance, where he persuaded her that her lover was waiting for her, and then treacherously left her there alone. The voice of her wailing was heard on the shore. Her brother, Arindal, hastened to her rescue. Armar saw him approach, and, not recognizing him, let fly "his feathered shaft," which "sunk in his heart." The fate of Daura is told in the quotation; the lamentations of Armin over his children form the subject of this song.

He was a resident in Connemara, and conversant with everything regarding it. What was our delight when he told us that there were many persons residing in the remotest parts of the district, and not understanding a single word of English, whom he had himself heard repeat in their own language many portions of the songs of Ossian, if not word for word, as in Macpherson's edition, yet so nearly resembling it as to leave no doubt as to their being the same. This, indeed, seemed conclusive evidence of the long and hard disputed question as to the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, and also as to their having been composed by Irish bards, and imported with them into Scotland. It is an undisputed fact that many portions of the songs of Ossian have been handed down and are still recited by the inhabitants of certain districts in the Highlands of Scotland. Macpherson has thrown these fragments together, uniting them into a regular series of songs, of course sometimes in language of his own, which is much to be lamented, as it is often impossible to know when it is he or the bard who speaks ; and the genuine and authenticated portions of Ossian, however short or however disjointed, would have been much more acceptable. That these songs were ever brought from Scotland

into Ireland, has never been attempted to be established; and the fact that they are known and recited by persons in this remote district, who have never had the slightest opportunity of learning them except by tradition (the persons alluded to could not read), shows that here was their origin, and likewise that the events described took place in Ireland; \* and who could tell but that we had actually witnessed this evening the identical spot in which the events recorded above had taken place? It was a strange coincidence, to say the least of it, that, as we had advanced through Connemara, we had been perpetually reminded of our favourite bard, and found scenery answering so exactly to the descriptions given by him. But the resemblance was not yet complete. A sound of wailing and lamentation was heard at a distance, which, in our present train of thought, at such a time and in such a place, strangely affected us. This was not unobserved by our companion, who took us to the door and showed us the place whence it proceeded; we perceived it to be the same cottage our friend the priest had visited a few hours before. The sick man had died, and his relatives,

\* Temora was King of Connaught.



in loud and unsubdued tones, were giving vent to their grief. We saw persons hurrying in all directions to the scene of woe, to comfort their survivors and to *wake* their friend. We walked slowly towards the cottage; presently we heard the sound of the Irish harp, singing, &c. We did not go in, but could perceive the interior to be full of light and full of people. Persons who are skilled in story-telling, in legendary lore, and in recitation of old songs, are always particularly welcome on such occasions; but we were not encouraged to believe that any of the bards on the present occasion were reciting Ossian, otherwise we might have been tempted to join the *wake*, ignorant though we are of Irish.

The composition, however, of these very songs had their origin in this custom: the recounting the deeds of the fallen heroes was thought necessary for their repose—it was imagined that till this was done the spirits of the warriors found no rest, but wandered among the scenes of their exploits. Hence the many allusions in Ossian to the ghosts of departed heroes, to their forms being visible among the mists, and to their supposed invocations to the bard. Towards the conclusion the voice of

Fingal\* is thus made to address the son of song—  
 “Come, Ossian, come away; Fingal has received  
 his fame. \* \* \* The voice of Ossian has been  
 heard. The harp has been strung in Selma.†  
 Come, Ossian, come away; come, fly with thy  
 fathers on clouds.” “I come, I come, thou king  
 of men! The life of Ossian fails. I begin to  
 vanish on Cona.‡ My steps are not seen in  
 Selma.” Then the son of Fingal is made to com-  
 plain that “the chiefs of other times are departed;  
 they have gone without their fame.”

The custom of making *vehement* lamentation for  
 the dead is ancient indeed; it was the case at the  
 burial of the patriarch, Jacob. That in later days  
 it was accompanied in the East with music, &c.,  
 we have also evidence in Scripture, for “the  
 minstrels making a noise” is mentioned in connec-  
 tion with the miracle of raising Jairus’ daughter  
 to life. This habit in all its various forms of  
 “making a noise” over the dead, proves that a  
 natural and innate conviction exists in every  
 human mind, that the souls of the dead may be  
 benefitted through the medium of those who re-

\* Fingal is allowed (even in Scotland) to be an Irish hero.

† There is no such place as Selma in Scotland.

‡ Ossian is sometimes called “The Voice of Cona.”

main. How unlikely that this should be implanted for no purpose! We had now nearly completed our circuit of Connemara; the next day found us penetrating into the very heart of the Benbolas. The road led us along the margin of the beautiful Kylemore lake; the mountains rise almost perpendicularly from its shores; their sides are covered with straggling wood, chiefly stunted oak and birch, while

“ Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live”—waterfall.

We were now in Joyce's Country. The hills are greener, less precipitous and rocky than those in Connemara. Suddenly we came upon a road which runs for miles close by the side of Killery Bay. This bay, confined between lofty mountains, runs inland for a distance of nine or ten miles, varying from the eighth of a mile to two miles across. The celebrated Croagh Patrick, whence the saint blessed the Green Isle, banishing all venomous reptiles from its shores, was distinctly visible. The scenery during this day's journey was altogether most beautiful, and, if we may say so, *unique*. We shall conclude by giving Inglis's description of it.

“ I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that the

scenery, in passing from Clifden to the Killeries and Leenane, is the finest in Ireland. In boldness of character, nothing at Killarney comes at all near to it; and although the deficiency of wood excludes the possibility of a competition with Killarney in picturesque beauty, I am certainly of opinion that the scenery of this part of Connemara, including especially the Killeries, which is in Joyce's Country, is entitled to rank higher than the more praised, because better known, scenery of Killarney. I would not be understood as saying one word in disparagement of Killarney, but, as in the part of Ireland of which I am now speaking, there are undoubted approaches to the sublime, with all the picturesque besides that depends upon form, I think these ought to weigh heavier in the balance than that softened beauty which, at Killarney, is created by abundance and variety of wood, and consequent splendour of colouring. I know that a far stronger impression was made on my mind in this journey than by anything I saw at Killarney. Be it known, too, that this is a country of lakes,—lakes with as fine mountain boundaries as are to be found in the three kingdoms."\*

\* Inglis's Journey through Ireland in 1834.



**RESIGNATION.**



## Resignation.

---

'Tis midnight!—e'en the cold pale moon  
Shuns my inquiring gaze, and seems  
To lend a sombre shadow to my thoughts,  
As tho' 'twere better thus in harmony  
To share their sadness, than to mock  
With brighter rays their dull dark gloom!  
Yet why so sad? Am I alone  
In this vast wilderness of woe?  
Is there no consolation to be felt  
E'en in remembrance?—none in hope?  
Why have I felt this loneliness, as if  
Life had been drained of every better joy,  
And spiteful Fortune, with a cruel hate,  
Had spent her utmost to invent one pang  
Of vast and insupportable dismay,  
Wherewith to bow my lofty spirit down,  
To goad, and probe, and try where patience ends?  
And has she then succeeded to the full,  
And hurled down Resignation from the throne,  
Where, spite of rude Affliction's keenest stroke,  
Fast has she held her proud dominion still?  
Where has Religion fled? Not fled, perhaps,  
But banished by that base and guilty sin  
Which wars the feelings in untimely strife,  
Unequal 'gainst the High Almighty's will?



It cannot, shall not be, that I,  
Who have so struggled with more fearful odds,  
Shall now, in dark and most unjust despair,  
Pluck off the laurels I have nobly won,  
For my own foolishness to trample on.

No ! Hear me, just, all-wise, and gracious Judge,  
Thy will be ever mine ; may Thine  
Be done, for Thou hast made us as we are,  
Made us to love Thee, and ourselves for Thee,  
And in Thy wisdom, when Thou dost ordain  
Some slight and easy tribulation, teach  
Us to hail with gratitude, not grief,  
This signal of Thy recollecting aid.  
It feign would draw us, by a moment's pain,  
From things so transient as our little selves,  
To thought of Thee, most loving Judge,  
Whose chastisements are happiness, whose love  
Beams thro' each simplest and minutest act  
That life can testify. 'Tis Thou whose will  
Rules every action of our short career,  
And guides them thro' the only safe, sure path,  
That gives content. Away, then, sinfulness  
Of ill-timed misery,—impatient haste,  
That, just to suit its own crude purposes,  
Would storm e'en Heaven 'gainst its better will  
And wiser judgment, to accord that boon  
Which it hath some good reason to withhold,  
Till fitter time, perhaps not distant e'en,  
But yet deferred, because 'tis Heaven's decree.

# NORAH NA KISTLA.



## Norah Na Kistla.

---

“ Although there should none of them fall by the sword, nor bee slaine by the souldiour, yet thus being kept from manurance and their cattle from running abroad by this hard restraint, they would quickly consume themselves and devoure one another. The prooffe whereof I saw sufficiently exampled in these late warres of Mounster; for notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentifull countrey, full of corne and cattle, that you would have thought they should have beene able to stand long, yet ere one yeare and a halfe they were brought to such wretchednesse as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the *woods* and *glynnes* they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legges could not beare them, they looked like anatomies of death, they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves, they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, and if they found a plot of water-cresses or shamrocks, these they flocked as to a feast for the time,—yet not able long to continue therewithall; that in short space there were none almost left and a most populous and plentifull countrey left void of man and beast.”—*A View of Ireland, by Edmund Spenser, Esq., in the Yeare 1596.*

---

The county of Galway, one of our largest and most populous shires, bounded on the west by the bay bearing the same name, and by the ocean, and leaning towards the east upon the Shannon and Lough Derg, may, with regard to its scenery and

its geological formation, be divided into three districts of unequal extent,—first, Connemara, a small and thinly peopled portion of the entire, lying to the west and south of Lough Corrib, remarkable for its numerous lakes and for its conical mountains, which, instead of lying in chains, are thrown into confused and irregular groups. To this division may be added the islands of Arran, situated at the mouth of the noble bay (at its mouth more than thirty miles in breadth), destitute of mountains, but, like Connemara, characterized by granite rocks. Second, a mountainous district, at the south eastern angle, included between Lough Derg and the Clare boundary. Here the hills are arranged in chains, but, not being learned in geology, we cannot say more of their formation than that vestical seams of coal, as we have heard, have been discovered reaching their surface. This portion does not contain more than the third of the surface of Connemara. Third, the remainder of the county is very level; the soil, though light in some parts, is fertile, superimposed on limestone gravel, which latter is based on limestone rock. That portion of this division which lies along the coast, to the distance of from three to five miles inland, is distinguished by a very light soil, by its Turloughs (the nature of which we shall

presently explain), and by the vast number of stones and rocks of various shapes and sizes, that encumber its surface, and give it, to the eyes of strangers, a peculiarly dismal appearance, whilst its gloomy aspect is increased by the absence of hedges (for which are substituted stone walls) and of trees, which are to be found only in the parks of the gentry.

In some fields may be seen but a few huge rocks, but in others so many and so close set are they, that it is with difficulty one can walk through them, and there are a few so rugged as to compel, to a slow and cautious pace, the horses of the country, although accustomed to these obstacles, and able to proceed at speed over rocks and stones, amongst which horses of other districts would inevitably fall, should they proceed at the same pace; whilst at some points (for instance, one nearly opposite the ancient Castle of Clogh Ballymore) the limestone assumes the form of smooth flags, which have been placed by nature so as to form a surface of acres as level as the incomparable trottoirs of Belgrave and Eaton Squares,—plateaus which, destitute of trees or verdure, and containing not an object to attract attention from the grey tinge of the limestone rocks or flags, but the loop-holed

“Tower of Strength,” that at a distance frowns darkly over a scene of peculiar gloom, are, notwithstanding, calculated to fill the thoughtful mind with feelings of awe inspired by the wonders of creation.

The belt of coast we have described is intersected by two rivers, which, during a portion of their course, are hidden deeply beneath the limestone rock, and subsequently emerge from their subterranean channels, to pursue upon the surface their way to the ocean. At certain points of their under-ground career they communicate with the air by holes of various diameter, from five to twenty feet, filled with water, and in dry weather resembling small garden-ponds; but, after rains, the water rushes from its rocky reservoirs, carrying with it a large quantity of marl, thickly studded with Lilliputian shells, and spreads over an extensive surface, forming, during the winter and spring, large lakes called Turloughs, some of which occupy more than a hundred acres, from which, in summer and autumn, the water retires, when the neighbouring peasantry hasten to collect the marl for manure, and soon the goose-grass springs up from the lately inundated soil, furnishing pasture for horses.

The southernmost of these rivers meets the sea in a creek at the eastern angle of the bay, a mile and a half below the village of Kilcolgan, which is situated on the road from Galway to Limerick. To the east of the village the stream is narrow, and, although deep in some parts, deserves the name of brook rather than river; but a few hundred feet below the bridge which connects the two portions of the village, having passed an old corn-mill, built with stones put together without mortar, it expands considerably, and at high water is as broad, if not broader, than the Thames at Greenwich Reach. A short distance from the sea the stream becomes narrow, and bending, is shut in by high banks, on the northern side rising to cliffs which exclude a view of the bay.

About midway between the mill and contraction of the river, on the southern bank, is situated Kilcolgan Castle. It lies close to the water, from which it is separated only by an embankment, forming a narrow pathway, and at intervals of years is actually entered by unusually high tides. From its windows and its parapetted roof there is not to be seen a trace of the bleak scenery we have sketched; on the contrary, the grounds in which it is placed, although not extensive, present a fertility and a



smiling richness, highly refreshing to the eye after resting upon the barrenness of the surrounding district. The meadows are of the best description; the young plantations flourish, and there are many noble old elms, that would be admired even in Gloucestershire or Hampshire.

Formerly there was here a strong loop-holed castle, consisting of three distinct towers, connected by walls enclosing a court-yard; one of these towers projected rather further into the river than the present house. Half a century ago, the father of the present proprietor pulled down the towers, and upon the foundation of the largest (which was found in a most perfect state) built the modern but castellated mansion, with the materials procured by their demolition.

It is impossible to fix accurately the date when the Castle of Kilcolgan was built, but there can be no doubt but that it was at a very early period after the English invasion by one of the powerful Anglo-Norman family of De Burgh. It was for centuries one of the strongholds belonging to the Earls of Clanricarde,—strongholds which were scattered (with the exception of Connemara) over the whole of the district now constituting the county of Galway, at distances of four or five miles from

each other. These towers were held for the Earls of Clanricarde by younger members of their own house, or by their principal feudal adherents, the Blakes, Sherrets (or Huscarets), Dolphins, De Linches, &c., under whom were placed small garrisons, composed in part of English soldiers, but principally of Irish of the Celtic race, numbers of whom, conciliated by the kindness of the De Burghs, were at all periods their faithful followers often fighting bravely beneath their banner against the most popular Irish princes.

The name of "Norah Na Kistla" ("Honorina of the Castle") is familiar to the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Kilcolgan, and having heard many curious but vague stories regarding a heroine of that name, formerly resident here, we ceased to consider these accounts altogether fabulous (as we had at first imagined), and, with the enthusiasm of curiosity in early youth, endeavoured to ascertain whether there was any aged man to be found who could give information regarding Norah in a more precise and intelligible manner, omitting the many absurd and altogether impossible occurrences connected with her name by those to whom we had already spoken.

At last we ascertained that an aged peasant

lived on the neighbouring estate of Kilcornan, whose mind was well stored with curious traditions respecting the history of the De Burghs, and of many of the ancient families of the county. We resolved to take an early opportunity of visiting him at his cottage, but, being informed of our intention, and feeling flattered by our interest in his favourite legends, he anticipated us, and on a fine evening in autumn (1823) walked over to the primitive mill, which enters into the landscape we have essayed to present to the minds of our readers, where, being a friend of the miller, he awaited our arrival.

He was old—indeed bent with age—but his eye was clear and bright, and the ruddy glow of health half concealed the wrinkles of his furrowed countenance, whilst his person was rendered still more strikingly venerable by his long silvery hair parted in the middle of the forehead, and flowing over his shoulders. His forefathers had been for generations tenants of the Burkes of Kilcornan, and one of them at no remote period was foster-brother to the heir of that now extinct branch of the house of Clanricarde—a circumstance he mentioned with pride, and hence, amidst his many tales of the olden time, he retained in his memory with especial vivid-

ness all that had been handed down regarding Kilcolgan Castle and its former mistress. With the aid of an interpreter, for he could not speak English, we procured from him the following particulars.

Norah Na Kistla was the widow of one of the Earls of Clanricarde; during the lifetime of her husband she had, in the midst of the troubles that prevailed, not a few opportunities of evincing self-possession and decision of character; but as it was only occasionally that circumstances occurred to compel the manifestation of her resolution and grasp of mind, no one supposed that a lady always discharging her duties in an exemplary manner as a good wife and the tenderest of mothers, capable of taking a part as leader in the bloody though irregular warfare that raged in her times.

Her husband died, leaving to her charge several children of tender age. On all sides the country was wasted by fire and sword, and groaned under the evils and oppressions of civil strife; there was no space allowed for unavailing sorrow, and she soon found it necessary to devote herself earnestly to an investigation of the condition of her son's estate, and to reflect upon the best means of deli-

vering to him unimpaired the wide possessions of his ancestors.

The fortunes of the house of Clanricarde were reduced to so low an ebb that the review of her son's affairs was in no way calculated to alleviate her grief. The Irish had seized on a part of the noble estate of his family, and had reduced a larger portion to the condition of a wilderness; the citizens of Galway (then the second commercial city in Ireland, hardly inferior to the first), made bold by their wealth and the strength of their fortifications, refused those payments and that acknowledgment of lordship which had been hitherto yielded, and the Queen's representative had seized, and entrusted to the charge of adventurers recently arrived from England, most of his castles. Norah Na Kistla did not, however, sit down dejected and despairing; before negotiating with the English ministers she resolved first to become powerful, taking care, however, to avoid any connection with those in arms against the crown. Thus she hoped, gradually and almost unnoticed, favoured by the confusion of a period when the law was with difficulty enforced (and to a great extent might was right), to recover some of that which had been lost to the family.

In pursuance of her design she fixed her residence in the Castle of Kilcolgan, and before long assembled a considerable body of veteran soldiers, more formidable from their discipline and fidelity than their numbers. Being now prepared for action, she dexterously concealed her plan, giving to her attacks on each castle the appearance of a private quarrel or feud, and allowing some time to elapse between her enterprises, in order to avoid alarming the Lord Deputy into vigilance or opposition. Generally she was successful, but on a few occasions was baffled. One of her most signal reverses was experienced in an attempt to take the castle of Ballydonelan. Having determined to attempt it by stratagem, she intimated that she would send thither a present of several pipes of wine. The wine was anxiously expected, for she had already given the possessor of the castle some of a superior quality. She placed in the vessels a few of her best soldiers, and having made others assume the disguise of peasants, and conceal their arms, she directed them to arrive at the castle of Ballydonelan after nightfall, and at the same time dispatched a strong party who were ordered to lie in ambush in the adjoining woods, and storm the castle during the panic caused by the attack of those introduced with the casks,

who, it was expected, would maintain their ground until supported from the wood. A discovery, however, took place before the latter could seize their weapons and extricate themselves from their hiding-places, and they were put to death to a man.

But her exploits were not confined to the land; she made herself dreaded on the ocean also. Having enlisted in her service many hardy mariners, and procured a few fast-sailing vessels, of no heavy burthen, but well-armed, she frequently seized ships belonging to the merchants of Galway, and levied, with a high interest, the amount of duties claimed as a right by the Clanricardes, and often took from the Spaniards some rich prize separated by a storm from its convoy, in this way procuring ample means of ensuring the zeal of her people by liberal pay.

One of her vessels was about to sail on a cruise of this kind,—some of her men were engaged in preparing their arms, others in embarking the water and provisions. Norah Na Kistla had just mounted her horse, and before proceeding on her way tarried awhile to inspect the preparations and to reply to a few humble suppliants who awaited her issue from the castle. One of these was a poor widow, whose cow had been seized in a way

that partook partly of the nature of a foray and partly that of a modern distress for rent. Irritated by the persevering importunities of the poor widow, and of others that beset the castle gate, she said that she would do no more than order the skin to be returned, and it was taken away by the disappointed suitor.

As the proud lady was about to give the rein to her spirited horse, and ride away at her usual rapid pace, a cavalcade approached, at the head of which was the venerable Bishop of Galway, who was attended by those of his clergy most distinguished by the purity and sanctity of their lives. His mission was one of peace. The proceedings of Norah Na Kistla were necessarily attended with much loss of life, and several of the people under his spiritual charge had perished in conflicts between the merchant-ships of the town and her privateers; a hope was entertained by the citizens that some impression might be made by so respected a dignitary of the church, who, besides, from the sacredness of his clerical character might speak in a firmer tone than could be ventured on by a layman addressing one so dreaded for her military executions.

He represented to the noble lady, in words at



once firm and respectful, the horrors of evil dis-sension, the loss of life, and the dreadful sufferings of the poor, more of whom perished by starvation and by disease than by the sword, and he showed how famine and pestilence were necessary consequences of the interruption of agriculture. He reminded her that in another world a strict account will be demanded of our conduct in this, from which so many are snatched away suddenly.

It is doubtful whether, on a more favourable occasion, she would have heeded his exhortation, but, already chafed and impatient, her only reply was, that she would run any risk rather than the heir of Clanricarde should want an estate. Having uttered these words, she ceased to restrain her fiery horse, and in a moment was out of sight.

A few days after the solemn warning of the good bishop, Norah Na Kistla rode the noble animal from whose back her haughty answers to him and the widow had been given. Few of her sex would have attempted to manage a horse so hot and wilful, but mile after mile was rapidly accomplished; she sat safely and firmly, slightly flushed with exercise, and sharing in some degree the excitement of her foaming steed, until, as she swept by the widow's house, the black and white hide hanging on a wall

to dry, suddenly met his eyes ; he swerved and plunged, and Norah Na Kistla being thrown, was taken up a corpse.

Seldom can events like those related of Norah Na Kistla be submitted with advantage to the ordeal of historical scrutiny ; to sift them too closely is to strip them of much of their romance and interest, but in the present instance, the authentic and unquestioned history of the time may, we think, be placed beside the old man's\* story, to show the possibility of the occurrences it describes.

The extract taken from Spenser draws a wretched picture of the disorders of Ireland, and the misery of the people during many of the latter years of the sixteenth century and the commencement of the seventeenth. The district now forming the county of Galway was not exempt from the prevailing troubles : from the complete destruction of the royal house of O'Connor, in the year 1316, this territory enjoyed a tranquillity and security strangely contrasted with the disturbed and dangerous state even of the portion of Leinster lying within a few miles of the arsenals and strong garri-

\* He gave no date, but we have fixed it, calculating, as will subsequently be seen, from historical facts.

sons of Waterford and of Dublin. It is true that a fierce chieftain sometimes threw off the yoke, and attempted to spoil the adjoining lands, but the Irish in this quarter never, during the long interval between 1316 and the latter portion of the reign of Elizabeth, acted in concert, so as to render it necessary that aid should be sought from the crown by the De Burghs, who were able to suppress with their own forces any trifling disturbances that arose.

The comparative quiet of the counties of Galway and Mayo did not result from the success of the exterminating and oppressive system, which, alas ! has been at almost all times pursued by the English towards the natives. On the contrary, it proves how much might have been gained by the general adoption of an opposite course. The conquest of Connaught by the De Burgos was more complete and rapid than that of other portions of Ireland. The strength of the O'Connor's never recovered the shock received by the battle of Athenry (where eight thousand of the Irish fell), and soon afterwards was completely extinguished. Thus the victorious De Burgos, having no enemy formidable enough to excite fear, refrained from the barbarous proceedings prompted elsewhere by the interminable

forays and indecisive conflicts between the invaders and the invaded.

Another occurrence furnished the De Burgos with the strongest motive for humanity, and even cordiality, in their conduct towards the Irish. In 1333, William de Burgo, third Earl of Ulster, was assassinated at the ford of Carrickfergus, leaving only one child, a daughter. The two nearest male heirs of the house, dreading the espousal of the heiress to some powerful English baron, who might have influence to procure the descent of the estates in the female line, confederated together, and conciliating the Irish by assuming their customs, and even laws, declared themselves independent of the English crown, and seized, one Mayo, the other Galway, hoping to defeat any attempts against them by the aid of their Celtic adherents. No effort was made to dispossess them. Elizabeth De Burgo married Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the Third, who advanced the claims derived through his wife, but in the reign of Edward the Third the whole military force of England was successively occupied by the wars with Scotland and France, and the De Burgos were left unmolested, and finally, seeing no indications of danger, gave in their allegiance. But an apprehension that

the claims of Elizabeth might be asserted by some of her descendants,\* made it their interest to avoid the inhuman policy pursued by most of the Anglo-Norman barons, and hence, in a great measure, sprung that comparative peace and prosperity enjoyed by their territory.

The English power in Ireland was much weakened during the reign of Elizabeth. The formidable and repeated rebellions of O'Neil in the north, and Desmond in the south, and the less concentrated but wasting outbreaks of the O'Dempseys, O'Moores, O'Cavanaghs, O'Tooles, and O'Birnes, in Leinster, and of the Earl of Thomond, in Clare (hostilities being conducted on both sides with the most ferocious cruelty), soon reduced Leinster, Ulster, and Munster, to such a wretched condition that words of pity were wrung even from the author of the Faery Queen, certainly a man so hardened by prejudice against the Irish, that their calamities must have been extreme indeed, when they excited his sympathy.

Connaught had as yet escaped these inflictions, when the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, marched

\* Her descendant succeeded to the throne of England in the person of Edward the Fourth, when her claims became vested in the crown.

to Galway with an army, and established Sir Edward Fitton in the presidency of the province. Instead of the mild and just administration by means of which the descendants of the ancient Anglo-Norman conquerors had for two centuries maintained a quiet truly wonderful, when one considers how rude and imperfect the state of society then was, this sanguinary and stern officer substituted a policy at once inhuman, treacherous, and suspicious,—a policy directed with equal severity against the old English settlers and the mere Irish, as they were termed, so that the following forcible language of the historian barely expresses the naked truth, nay, may even be extended to many ancient families of English descent:—  
“Thrown out of the protection of justice, the natives could find no security but in force and flying the neighbourhood of cities, which they could not approach with safety; they sheltered themselves in their marshes and forests from the insolence of their inhuman masters; being treated like wild beasts, they became such.”

The sons of the Earl of Clanricarde (with the exception of William,\* who, if the date we have

\* It is stated in Burke's Dictionary of the Peerage that William, Earl of Clanricarde, married Honoria, daughter of

given be correct, was the husband of Norah Na Kistla) were goaded into rebellion; their pride took fire at the indignities and wanton insults their own family, and others allied to them, were constantly exposed to, nor could they perceive<sup>7</sup> much difference made between the native Irish and those whose families had for more than two centuries sustained the authority of the English crown in this remote country, almost unaided by the Government in London or the Lord Deputy.

The Irish flocked in great numbers to their standard, and, being able to place themselves at the head of an imposing force, they for years set the authority of the Queen at defiance, interrupted and almost annihilated the trade of Galway,\*

— Burke, Esq., of Tulligrey, and died in 1586. If this be the lady referred to in the legend, she could not have been a widow during many of the occurrences. It is very possible, however, that her husband's name has not been handed down, as authentic records prove he was very deficient in the energy necessary in those stormy times. The same oblivion fell to the share of the husband of Grace O'Maley. The name of that heroine is familiar among all classes in the west of Ireland, but hardly any know she had been married.

\* Sir Henry Sidney thus describes the decay of the town, consequent on the incursions of the Mac-An-Earlas (the sons of the Earl):—"First, I find the town of Galwaye moche decaied, both in number of expert sage men of yeares and yonge men of warre, in respect of that I have seen; which great decay hath growen thorough the horrible spoyle done upon them by the sonnes of the Earle of Clanrikarde, in so moche as it was evidentlye proved before me that fifty howsholders of that town doe

which remained faithful, and finally stormed, sacked, and burned Athenry, a fortified and flourishing town, which never afterwards recovered the shock, being now an inconsiderable village, occupying only a small portion of the space enclosed by the old walls.

They were ultimately defeated, and although their father and elder brother had not joined or assisted them, the castles of the family were seized, and English garrisons placed in them by orders of the Lord Deputy, but this was not accomplished until the country was plunged in dreadful misery by the interruption of industry, and by the burthen of maintaining the troops on both sides, for in such a war, not only rations, but pay, either by direct levy or in the shape of pillage, was exacted from the unfortunate inhabitants.

We have assigned the date of Norah Na Kistla's exploits to the period succeeding the defeat of the Mac-An-Earlas, in 1579, when the county of Galway had scarcely subsided into order, and in other parts of the island the utmost insecurity and alarm prevailed, owing to the hostile attitude and grow-

nowe inhabite under Mac-William Croghter, in Mayo, and it seemeth they have not onely lost their wealth, but with it their wittes and hearts."—*Letters to the Privy Council, quoted by Hardiman.*



ing power of O'Neil, the threatened invasion of the Spaniards, and the sudden outbreaks and frequent relapses into rebellion of Desmond and others.

The distinct allusions in the legends to the maritime enterprizes of Norah Na Kistla induced us to suspect that the whole story referred to the celebrated Grace O'Maley, wife of Mac-William-Oughter (Burke), ancestor of the Earl of Mayo, for this lady, it is known, maintained a strong military force in her five castles on the shores of Clew Bay, ruled the adjoining country like a sovereign princess, and had many armed vessels which cruised against the Spaniards, bringing home rich prizes, and as she always co-operated with the commanders of the royal fleets, none of the Queen's representatives interfered with her daring acts on land or sea. It is utterly impossible, however, that Grace O'Maley can have even temporarily resided in Kilcolgan Castle. Had she even visited it, this circumstance (referring to one so famed through the whole province) would have been handed down among the traditions of the district, as well as recorded in some of the chronicles of the day, and could never have escaped the notice of Hardiman, the author of the History of Galway, a man of great learning and research in

Irish history and Irish antiquities, well acquainted with the Irish tongue, and having access to documents within the reach of few. He mentions Grace O'Maley, enumerates her castles in Mayo, but does not state she had ever been in Galway. The legends of Kilcolgan Castle cannot relate to her. It is a very curious coincidence that in the reign of Elizabeth there should reside on the western coast two women resembling each other so much in character, and so like their sovereign in firmness of purpose and depth of policy.



**CHRISTMAS EVE AND MIDNIGHT MASS  
IN THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD  
SHEPHERD, AT HAMMERSMITH.**



*Christmas Eve and Midnight Mass*  
IN THE CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD,  
AT HAMMERSMITH.

---

The celebration of midnight mass at Christmas is amongst the most impressive of the ceremonies which have been instituted by the Catholic Church for the purpose of successively bringing before the minds of her children a representation of the wonders of redemption, for it is the commencement of the great mystery ; it is, properly speaking, the beginning of the Christian year, having been preceded by four weeks of preparation for its introduction. After this period of expectation, of wonder, and of humiliation, answering to the ages of comparative darkness which preceded the birth of the Messiah, at midnight, when the world is wrapt in repose, she announces, in imitation of the choir of angels, that at this moment a Saviour is

born into the world. Then does she call upon all her children to unite with her in a canticle of praise. Who can refuse the summons? The angels, in announcing the glad tidings, rejoiced for *our* sakes, and can *we* be silent? The courts of Heaven resounded with hallelujahs, and will we not join in the celestial hymn? The Shepherds hastened to Bethlehem, and will we not accompany them in spirit to worship at the shrine of the Nativity? On this night each heart should be an altar illuminated with holy joy; each soul should overflow with gratitude and love; each voice should unite in the ecstatic burst of triumphant exultation with which the Church hails the birth of the Redeemer.

But the gorgeousness of the splendidly illuminated churches and cathedrals, the heavenly strains of music that resound through their vaulted roofs, are not more emblematic of the inward joy of the heart than the comparatively humble decorations of the small, unornamented edifices (raised, probably, by the contributions of the poor who worship there), or the voice of praise that is raised in the plain and simple apartment, consecrated, perhaps, only by the tears and the prayers of the penitent, and by the presence of Him who inspires them, and in which is likewise celebrated the

joyful event that fills the whole Christian world with gladness.

Perhaps no more acceptable homage was offered up on this sacred night than that which ascended from the hearts of the faithful few assembled in the little chapel of the Convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The events of the night were most interesting. The penitents had been prepared for this festival by a five days' retreat, during which time they had been fortified in their good resolutions by prayer and silent meditation, and had been instructed and encouraged by their Director, in the exhortations he daily addressed to them, to persevere in the path of virtue they had so happily entered upon.

A little before the midnight devotions, the little community being all assembled in the class-room, preparatory to repairing to the chapel, the penitents agreeably surprised their pastor by singing, with evident emotion, the following hymn, which had been hastily written for them, at their own request, by one of the religious. They had themselves composed a short address to the Director, and another to the Superior of the establishment, which they were likewise permitted to read, and in which they feelingly expressed, in very correct



and simple language, the gratitude they felt to them, their benefactors, for their unwearied exertions, to which, under Heaven, they owed the happiness of their conversion.

In joyous accents let us loudly sing  
Th' immortal glories of our God and King,  
Whose birth the angels joyfully proclaim  
In David's city, and His sacred name.  
His endless reign they chant in mystic tone,  
An infant King and an eternal throne,  
An empire reaching to the setting sun,  
And, lo! the giant 'gins his course to run.

Let's hail the splendour of this cheering night,  
Whose brightness dims the sunbeam's purest light,  
And guides the humble shepherds to adore,  
Where king nor sage had ne'er been led before.  
But now our Shepherd leads his wand'ring sheep,  
And they shall soon this wond'rous festive keep;  
In canticles of praise they shall proclaim  
The King of Angels and their Saviour's name.

Hail to the Pastor of the scattered flock!  
Hail, father!—who shall now your efforts mock?  
Tell to the world we share a mother's care;  
A mother's love is never wanting here.  
Hail! Angers' daughters! Hail! our mothers dear!  
With grateful hearts your virtues we revere;  
Long may our country see such happy days,  
And Angels greet you with celestial lays.

The chapel, which is a very small room, was on this occasion simply ornamented with evergreens

and flowers ; into this the religious, five in number, with twenty-four penitents, the children of their adoption, were crowded—twenty of whom approached the Holy Communion, seven for the first time ; they wore their usual costume—a black woollen dress, white cap and kerchief, and in addition, for the religious duty of receiving the Holy Communion, white muslin veils.

When the reverend officiant had advanced as far as the Nicene Creed, one of the penitents who had been preparing herself for some months past, and at whose earnest desire she was permitted on this solemn occasion to satisfy her pious wishes, demanded the favour of being admitted as a “ consecrated penitent.”

Kneeling before the altar, she was addressed in an appropriate discourse on the noble resolution she had taken of withdrawing herself from a world whose dangers she feared and whose pleasures she despised ; her firmness and composure assured all of the firmness of her purpose, and in an audible voice she answered to the ceremonial which was begun by the officiant presenting her with a lighted candle, saying these words, “ Take, my sister, this exterior light, which is a figure of the divine light which has enlightened your soul.” He then says,

“ My sister, what do you desire ?”—Response :  
“ My father, I desire and I solicit the favour of a consecration for two years in this holy asylum of penance.”—The officiant : “ Make your act of consecration.”—She then made her act of consecration as follows : “ My father, I consecrate myself to Jesus and Mary to pass my days in this asylum, to live under the rule of the penitent sisters, and I place myself in the hands of our honoured mother Marie de St. Joseph, Superior of this House, and under the authority of my Lord the Bishop of Olena. I embrace with all my heart mortification and humiliation, begging the prayers of St. Mary Magdalen, our illustrious patroness. O, my God, I hope to obtain from your infinite bounty the grace of perseverance.” The postulant then withdrew to change her dress for that of the habit of the Order of Magdalens. She was then presented with the girdle, &c., being addressed by the officiant in these words, “ Receive, my sister, this girdle, as a mark of your union with God, that you may never more separate yourself from his love.” Giving the cord, “ Wear this cord as an irrevocable pledge of your consecration to the Mother of God.” Giving the rosary, “ Carry this rosary as a sign of the love you shall always preserve for the Queen

of Angels and in gratitude for the benefits you have received." The blessing was then given, and the following admonition closed the ceremony: "Retire in peace, my dear sister, have confidence. God has accepted your holy resolutions, hope in his mercy for the happiness of persevering in them." The Holy Mass was then finished, and between two and three this happy little family retired.

On Christmas-day, before vespers, these dear children renewed before the altar their baptismal engagements, and separately made a renewal of their promises made in baptism. During the ceremony a canticle was sung. Many were the penitent tears which flowed from their eyes, and the humble attitude of many showed how much they were penetrated with this important duty. Indeed, the impression made upon their minds by the observances of this night has been already evidenced by the improved conduct of several, and more than one has rejoiced the hearts of her parents by writing to them an account of the impressive ceremony they had witnessed, and the happy Christmas they had spent in the Convent, and expressing their determination, with the help of God, to adhere to the resolutions of amendment they had formed on that eventful night.

Before concluding, we ought to mention that the consecration of the penitent we have described was the commencement of her noviciate, which is to last two years, during which time she will associate with the other penitents the same as before, observing the same rules, &c. If at the conclusion of that time she still adheres to her wish of devoting herself to a religious life, and her conduct shall have been approved of by her superior, she will then enter upon her profession of a Magdalen, which is a religious order into which the penitents are allowed to enter, if they desire it, when they have given sufficient proof of the sincerity of their repentance, and which we have already described in our account of Angers.

THE END.

LONDON :

S. Taylor, 6, Chandos street, Covent garden.









